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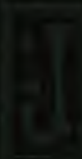
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ERUSALEM:
PICTORIAL & DESCRIPTIVE









JERUSALEM AND SURROUNDINGS



J E R U S A L E M:

Pictorial and Descriptive.

• BY

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Preface.



THE Holy City, the Sacred Salem, appears to be nearly as exhaustless to the traveller as the Scriptures to the critic. Within its circuit things new and old lie in close juxtaposition; the careful student will find much to reward his scrutiny, even though it amount to toil; and he who only skims the surface, will see much to gladden his heart and to increase his faith. Volume upon volume may be published on the subject, and they may vary greatly in value, but each brings some new contribution to the cause of discovery and scriptural illustration, inso-much that we do not know a book upon the subject that would not repay even a careful perusal.

There is one defect, however, which attaches to nearly all these publications upon Jerusalem. The visits which they describe are too often hurried and superficial. At a few points the remark applies even to the labours of

Dr. Robinson. Wonders were but half observed, or new features were but half explored, for want of time. Many Scripture places yet remain to be identified; but, thanks to the labours of the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund, more will soon be known of the Capital of Palestine. Some travellers have boasted that they had "done" Jerusalem in a few hours;—that is, they had seen the interior of the Church of the Sepulchre and the exterior of the Mosque—they had walked along the Via Dolorosa—hurried out to Gethsemane—ascended the Mount of Olives,—and then nearly all was over! The Holy City, however, will never be *all* known till travellers are free, or take time, to explore it calmly and leisurely. And it may be added, that such a study of Jerusalem will amply repay itself.



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" See discrowned Salem on her rocky throne—
Widowed, yet regal, woe her only dower ;
Her hymn a dirge, her minstrelsy a moan,
For storied charms which Islam's slaves deflour.

" Where are her olives? where her emblem palm?
Her prophet-heroes, once the world's high lords?
And where the Temple which her sons embalm
In their deep hearts?—Down-trod by Moslem hordes."



JERUSALEM:

PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

JERUSALEM.



VOLUMES might easily be compiled from the raptures, real or fictitious, recorded by those who have visited Jerusalem, when they saw it for the first time. A single specimen may suffice for all. "As I looked," this traveller writes—"as I looked before me, in all their glory and majesty I beheld, magnificent in the light of the setting sun, the walls of Jerusalem. I had thought of that moment for years, in waking and in sleeping dreams. I had asked myself a hundred times, 'What will you do when your weary eyes rest on these holy walls?' Sometimes I thought I should cry out aloud, as did pilgrims of old; sometimes, that I should kneel down on the road as did the valiant men who marched with Godfrey and with Richard: but I did neither.

"My horse stopped on the road, as if he knew that all our haste had been for this; and I murmured to myself, *Deus vult*; and ~~my~~ eyes filled with tears, and through them I gazed at the battlements, and towers, and minarets of the city. One by one the party rode up, and each in succession paused." All alike—some Mohammedans, a monk, some Armenians, a Jew, and some Protestants—"gazed with overflowing eyes on that spot toward which the longing hearts of so many millions of the human race turn daily with devout affection. We spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of thought swept over all our souls.".....

Now, one can acquiesce in the idea that *some* kind of emotion might be common to all these wayfarers in such a case, but it could scarcely be called religious—it was mere natural excitement; and, moreover, some would be sceptical as to the reality of the whole scene. That one man, or two, should be found with copious tears at command in such a place would not be wonderful; but that five, at least, should all agree silently, yet in concert, to weep in such circumstances, may raise a question and a doubt. In that case the scene is got up, and must be added to the stock of apocryphal or legendary wonders which haunt and hover about Jerusalem, to the great pain of the traveller.

But whether we sympathize with such emotions to their full extent, or deem them rather the effects of fancy than of aught more enduring, there can be no doubt that the hearts of myriads do turn to that widowed city every day that passes, as the exile's heart to his home, or as the wandering prodigal turned amid his woe to his

father's house. And where so much has been endured, enjoyed, and recorded, it may not be easy to impart, in any brief compass, a vivid view of the whole scene. By dwelling, however, on the salient points of the Holy City, some may be enabled to understand more clearly the position of places called "holy," or to enjoy more profoundly the pleasures which Jerusalem must ever impart, and impart in greatest abundance to the calmest or most self-contained soul.

Yet it were, perhaps, superfluous to attempt a very formal description of a city which has occupied a more prominent place in history than Athens with all its arts, or Rome with all its arms; than Nineveh with all its overgrown power, or Babylon with all its nameless abominations. It is one of the marvels of Providence, that a place comparatively so limited—politically, for the most part, so insignificant—should have helped to mould the opinions, to influence the destinies, to animate the hopes, and to decide the creed of millions upon millions numberless. That city has held the throne, as it first heard the songs of David. It gave law to the East, under him and his son. It has been thrilled by the words of Isaiah; and, above all, it heard the lessons, and perpetrated the death of "Him who spoke as never man did,"—who "came to his own, and his own received him not,"—who held out his hand in mercy to save, but who was in return nailed to a tree, there to die, "the just for the unjust." Though we were never to glance at all at more recent events connected with Jerusalem—the Roman conquest, the Crusades, and other memorable things—there is more than enough in Scripture to rivet

our thoughts to that spot, to fix the mind upon the city of the Great King, as upon a home, a place with which our earliest and our latest associations, our deepest sympathies and our highest hopes, are all intimately connected. The very stones and dust of that city are dear to us; and though it be peeled and widowed now, that only renders our sympathy the closer, our pity the more profound.

We have referred to Athens and to Rome. But, in truth, no one would compare the memories which hover round Jerusalem with the associations connected with these cities. The actions which the Holy City has witnessed—the virtues and the vices, the divine religion and the dark superstition, the wars and the peace, the wisdom and the follies of Jerusalem, have all been unique, and have all possessed a significance such as belongs to no other city under the whole heavens. Think for an instant of its religion. “The Desire of all nations” was to proceed from that centre. The Deliverer, who was destined at length to turn wars into peace to the ends of the earth, was to come out of Zion. The maxims of that city’s faith, or her creed, though local for a time, were in reality, and in destination, world-wide; they were to expand, and flower, and bear fruit in a system which was fitted to soothe all the sorrows, to heal all the wounds, and take away the very sins of poor human nature. A marvellous nidus that! Infinite germ, first of truth, and then of blessedness! Jerusalem on earth becomes the type of the Jerusalem that is above; and the city of our God, the capital of the heavenly Canaan, derives one of its most easily comprehended titles from

the city of the Jews. It is called the "New Jerusalem," and the "mother of us all."

Seeing, then, that even in the eternal world this place is in one sense to be perpetuated for ever, our present object is to furnish a brief description of some of the remarkable spots in the Holy City and around it.

Approaching from the north-west, the traveller from Jaffa, or Joppa, the sea-port of Jerusalem, reaches the city



JAFFA.

over the mountains of Benjamin, up many rugged wadies, and amid many silent, sad remains of the land as it was once. Ascent after ascent is climbed, sometimes, as we have seen, with intense excitement or suspense; and it often happens that only after both the mind and the body have been jaded, is the eye regaled with the sight of Jerusalem on its throne of rock, walled all round, begirt by deep valleys, and marked out as the site of a stronghold as much as Ehrenbreitstein, or any other fortress.

on the margin of the Rhine. Nor should we forget that though it stands but a few leagues from the sea, the rocks which Jerusalem crowns are nearly as high above the ocean as the highest land in England. Nebi Samuel, in the environs, is 2649 feet, the Mount of Olives is 2398 feet, and the city itself 2200 feet above the level of the sea. The highest point in England is about 3100 feet.

The prominence of Mohammedan buildings, the mosques, minarets, and crescents, may at first grate harshly on the feelings of a Christian; but, having calmed his disappointment, he can at length scrutinize the city and its environs from the north-west approach. Immediately in front of him is the city itself. If he enter from the north by the Damascus Gate, Acra and Mount Zion are there; the former in front of him, the latter a little to his right. To the east is Mount Moriah, once crowned by the Temple of the living God, the praise of the whole earth, but now by what is termed the Mosque of Omar, the abomination of desolation which has occupied the holy place for many generations. On the north-east lies Bezetha, the fourth of the hills or undulations which form the site of the city; and, without dwelling here upon minute details, these four eminences (which, however, like everything connected with Jerusalem, have given rise to much antiquarian debate) may suffice to convey an idea of the four general compartments of Jerusalem and its buildings. Acra, we repeat, forms the north-west section; and Bezetha, with its sparse houses, and somewhat modern aspect, the north-east. Mount Moriah is near the centre on the east side; while on the south, Mount Zion, which is still reputed the highest in

the city, rises conspicuous, though not so prominent as of old.

But few can spend a single hour in Jerusalem without glancing at least at the green slopes of the Mount of Olives, or the modern *Jebel-et-Tur*. Though its height varies as given by different visitors, it may be stated at 2398 feet above the level of the sea, and about 200 higher than the highest point of Mount Zion. The traveller may be haunted by sceptical thoughts regarding not a few of the places pointed out to his notice within the city, while many he cannot but reject with some degree of indignation, at what he feels to be an attempted imposition. But regarding the Mount of Olives, apart from the legends which are linked to it, all is genuine and true. There it stands as it stood of old, when David climbed it, "weeping and barefoot," because an unnatural rebellion drove him from Jerusalem. These slopes the Saviour, David's son and Lord, often crossed on his way to Bethany. Under olive-trees, the predecessors, perhaps, of some which still linger there, though in diminished number, he uttered some of his most emphatic lessons; and there no man, whose heart has been touched by the love of the Redeemer, can wander without thinking first, last, and evermore of Him "whom, having not seen, we love." Here the tie is drawn closer between him and the soul; for thence he returned to his God and our God, his Father and our Father, enticing our hearts glory-ward after him as he went. This invests the Mount with charms which do not belong even to Lebanon, to Tabor, or to Hermon; and all the lying wonders which crowd around Olivet at the bidding

of a blind superstition can scarcely diminish its attractions.

If the traveller can stay his eyes from gazing on the desolate city, or is not anxious without delay to explore the interior, the view from the southern slopes, near the summit, may include the distant hills of Moab, to the east of the Dead Sea, as that sea itself is partly visible from some places on the mount, depressed as is the bed in which the sullen waters lie. These mountains carry us back in thought to the earliest times of the Hebrews, their wars and contendings, their victories, their sins and defeats. Under the shadow of these very hills thousands were swept into sudden and unhonoured graves, because of the gross trespass of Baal-peor. (Num. xxv.) And in this manner our very first glimpse of Jerusalem shows—first, its extent from north to south, and from east to west; secondly, its environs, especially to the north and the east; and thirdly, we read the humbling fact, that the city is indeed trodden down of the Gentiles—it is withered, like its emblem, the blighted fig-tree, compared with the glory which once encircled and enshrined it. Extract from the Bible the passages which relate to Jerusalem, and how fragmentary would even that book become! Yet there stands that Jerusalem, now weary and wasted, the skeleton of itself—a monument once of the goodness, but now of the severity of God.

And on the slopes of this mount some have, for the first time, felt surprised at the limited dimensions of the Holy Land. Its power and its place in history—the halo which surrounds it, and the countless associations to which it gives rise—all foster the idea that that land is

magnificent—that its fields are ample—its mountains majestic—its limits wide-spread. But one is not long in Palestine without being disabused in this respect—the impression gradually vanishes away. The country is still a “delightful land.” Its Jordan alone would render it conspicuous. But in proportion as the narrow, strip-like appearance of the country becomes known, the wonder grows, that the men of so small a territory were able to achieve such feats—that a country so limited has produced effects greater, wider, deeper, and more lasting than the most famed of the old kingdoms. It is another proof that God was among the Hebrews of a truth.

After what has been said, no attempt need be made to record the first impressions of a devout visitor at the sight of Jerusalem. There are thoughts which lie too deep for words. It often happens that we cannot “wreak ourselves upon expression,” and this is an instance. If, however, we glance once more, and ever so briefly, at some of the eventful scenes which that city has witnessed, the deep foundation of our interest in Jerusalem will at once be laid bare. After the time of Solomon, for example, it was now blessed with good kings, and then blighted by bad ones. God was there as the King of all kings, and the city prospered under the one class, as surely as it was desolated or drenched in blood under the other. Under Rehoboam, for instance, it was taken and pillaged by the king of Egypt, who also “took away the treasures of the house of the Lord” (2 Chron. xii. 9); for Rehoboam was one of the men who feared not God. Under Amaziah, again, the city was taken by Jehoash, king of Israel—that is, of the revolted tribes—when the

Temple was again robbed of its gold and silver, and a great part of the city defences thrown down (2 Kings xiv. 13, 14). Oscillating thus in its fortunes according to the character of its rulers, the house of the Lord was alternately defiled by wicked kings and expurgated by devout ones. At length, when the cup of iniquity could hold no more, Nebuchadnezzar came. He besieged Jerusalem for three years. Its walls were razed. Its palaces were given to the fire. Its gold and silver were seized by the captor; and its people, like water emptied from vessel to vessel, were carried away to a heathen and a hated land.

Now these mere glimpses of what took place in that remarkable city reveal to us plainly that the great Moral Governor was there of a truth, and invest the place with the sacredness that belongs to the abode of a present God. Asserting his prerogative, he has there a thousand times proclaimed that signal wickedness shall lead to signal suffering; and when we walk the streets, or gaze upon the piled-up ruins of the places where such things have happened, we feel at once why it is that men's hearts cling, in love or else in superstition, to that lonely city. The mighty works of God have there been wrought, and the proofs of a present Omnipotence seem to cluster round the place. Men of every clime and every hue, from north, south, east, and west, find that the centre of their strongest affections. It is not true that "the place becomes religion;" but it is true that "the heart runs over" with feelings which words cannot tell.



II.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



THE Mount of Olives, as we have already seen, rises to the east of the city of Jerusalem. It is separated from the rock on which the eastern ramparts are built by the deep ravine or Valley of Jehoshaphat. Its slopes are studded here and there with the tree which gives its best known name to the elevation, with fig-trees, and some other Oriental productions; and all its haunts, from the Garden of Gethsemane and the dry bed of the brook Kidron at its base, to the buildings which crown the summit, are indissolubly associated, by religion and truth, or else by superstition and fiction, with the Redeemer's life, his sufferings, his agony and death.

But the view of the city which can be enjoyed from the summit or the slopes of Olivet, is what first attracts the visitor there; and nearly every traveller deems it a sacred duty to expatiate upon that prospect. It so completely commands the city, that all the public buildings, the streets, and many of the private houses, can be indi-

Complete was again added to its gold and silver, and a great part of the city becomes thrown down (2 Kings xix. 35, 36), embellishing thus in its fortunes according to the character of its rulers, the house of the Lord was afterwards divided by wicked kings and expurgated by devoting times. At length, when the cup of iniquity could hold no more, Nebuchadnezzar came. He besieged Jerusalem for three years. Its walls were razed. Its palaces were given to the fire. Its gold and silver were melted by the capture, and its people, like water emptied from vessel to vessel, were carried away to a heathen and a distant land.

Now there were glimpses of what took place in that remarkable city reveal to us plainly that the great Moral Governor was there of a truth, and invest the place with the sanctity that belongs to the abode of a present God. Assuming his prerogative, he has there a thousand times proclaimed that signal wickedness shall lead to signal suffering; and when we walk the streets, or gaze upon the piled-up ruins of the places where such things have happened, we feel at once why it is that men's hearts cling, in love or else in superstition, to that lone city. "The mighty works of God have there been wrought, and the wonders of a present Omnipotence seem to surround the place. Men of every age and every clime, from north, south, east, and west, come to that the theatre of their strongest affections. It is the place that has become religion;" but it is the place that has become "the theatre of our griefs," with feelings which will not be told.



II.

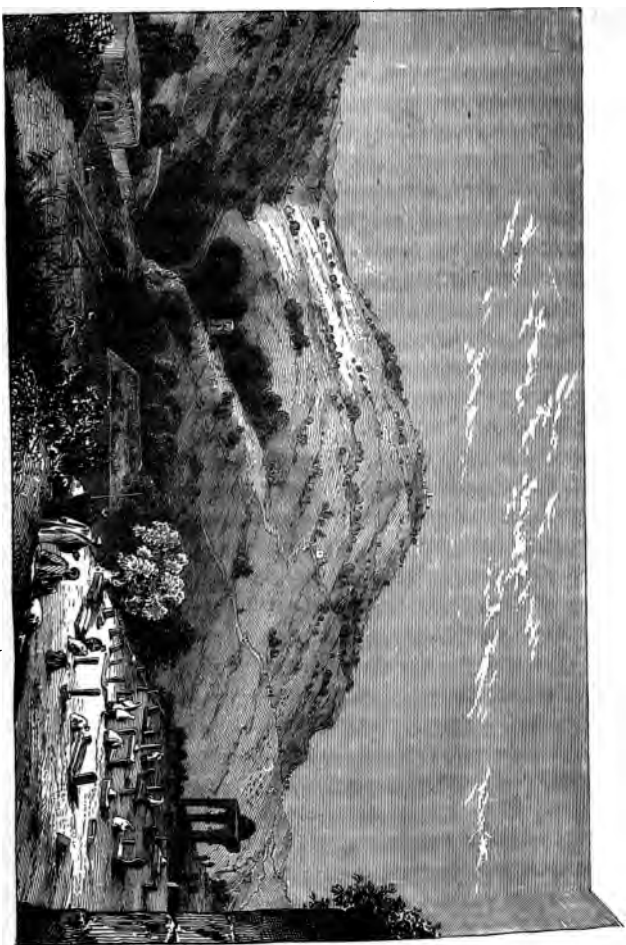
THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



THE Mount of Olives, as we have already seen, rises to the east of the city of Jerusalem. It is separated from the rock on which the eastern ramparts are built by the deep ravine or Valley of Jehoshaphat. Its slopes are studded here and there with the tree which gives its best known name to the elevation, with fig-trees, and some of its principal products. It is all its haunts, from the Garden of Gethsemane to the dry bed of the brook which runs along its base. The buildings which crown the summit are indissolubly connected, by religion and truth, with the Redeemer's life and death. The view which can be seen from Olivet, is what every traveller on that point of view, that all the

vidualized. When the Temple stood there in its inexpressible beauty, all its courts, and even the minute details of its decorations, could be traced from Olivet; and now that the Mosque of Omar has supplanted the rightful occupant of the place, it also can be explored by the visitor's eye. The ground on which the city is built slopes toward the mount, or from north-west to about east; and this gives great facility to trace the whole details. Passing over the apocryphal Tomb of the Virgin in the valley below, as well as other places whose names suggest suspicions, the eye rests on the Mosque in the foreground—the great central object of the scene, and sufficiently imposing, could we forget the design of the structure, or the system of bigotry and bloodshed which it represents. That building and its enclosures are said to occupy about an eighth part of the entire modern city, and is acknowledged, even by those who resent its presence there, to be the grand decoration of Jerusalem.

To the observer's left of that pile, with its gardens and outworks, lies Mount Zion; and the chief building there is an Armenian Convent; beyond which the Citadel and the Tower of Hippicus appear on the right, or not far from the Jaffa Gate. That tower most probably connects us with the days of Herod and the ancient fortifications of Jerusalem; though this also has originated debate upon debate. Further away from the observer, or in the north-west angle of the modern city, is the Latin Convent, occupying part of the mount or undulating ground called Acra. And, finally, on the north-east lies the *plateau of Bezetha*—not much occupied by houses, yet *within the walls*, and clothed at some places with olive-



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES—(FROM MOUNT ZION).

trees and Oriental plants. Nearer the centre of the city the eye rests on the reputed Holy Sepulchre; and though it were perhaps safest and simplest to regard all the traditions connected with it as baseless and fallacious, its name suggests associations which the holiest mind will most readily indulge, and most profoundly enjoy. While enjoying them, however, one is sadly recalled from his meditation by the mosques and minarets already referred to, which rise up in numerous parts of the city. They are to Jerusalem what the cypress is to the trees of the garden.

But such a superficial glance can scarcely satisfy either the eye or the mind as we gaze upon the city of the Great King from the western slope of Olivet. Though we were to discard at once and for ever all the idle legends and traditions which superstition and ignorance have linked to the place, one would still feel the force of those events which that city has witnessed, and of the truth which it has heard—things which neither superstition can efface nor ignorance permanently corrupt. From the Redeemer's youthful discussion with the Jewish doctors till the hour of agony when he died, or the hour of triumph when he led out his disciples as far as Bethany, where the heavens were cleft to receive him back to glory—what scenes of joy and sorrow, of real conquest, yet apparent defeat, have been witnessed within these walls! Men tell us of "decisive battles;" and fifteen or twenty encounters are recorded in the world's history* which very largely affected the destiny of the nations. But what battle, what fifteen battles, can for a moment

* See Creasy's "Decisive Battles."

be compared with the moral struggle carried on within that enclosure of walls upwards of eighteen hundred years ago? There weakness united to Omnipotence engaged in a life-and-death struggle with all the enemies of God and of man. There the God of heaven was manifested in the flesh, that the god of this world might be cast out. There the extremes of goodness and of guilt—heavenly goodness, hellish guilt—came into deadly collision. The sun and the moon on which we now gaze, the city which is spread out in its calm and desolate loneliness below us, though in far other circumstances then, and the hill on whose slopes we now recline, have all witnessed scenes and sights which involve or embody the redemption of a multitude whom no man can number. With the Bible open before us, we seem to behold them now; and at the sight of all this, well might the old monk sing, as one has quoted and translated him,—

“O mea, spes mea ! tu Syon aurea, clarior auro !

* * *

O bona patria, num tua prœmia plena tenebo ?”

“O holy Zion, centre of my hope !

More bright to me than miser's hoarded gold,
My heart's own home, wilt thou thy portals ope,
And to these eyes thy rich rewards unfold ?”

Yet nowhere is the truth more completely verified that distance lends enchantment to the view. For a little we might forget, as we gaze from the summit of Olivet, that Jerusalem is now trodden down; but a hundred things speedily recall the remembrance. Even the trees and the foliage, with the seared and withered fields, appear at most seasons to tell of decay. Along the flanks of the mount, and down into the Valley of

Jehoshaphat, olive-trees are somewhat numerous, and fig-trees are also seen. Some suppose that they are now much the same in number and appearance as they were eighteen centuries ago. But no one could call the prospect rich, or even pleasing; it is rather at some seasons withered and parched, and everything in sight is either sacred association or saddening disappointment. The mind may be stirred up to feigned and spurious raptures; but the feeling which must commonly arise, and that with the quickness of instinct, is one of melancholy and depression, tending to tears.

There is both a mosque and a church on the summit of Olivet, and near them is a village occupied by Arabs; but the eye wanders, not displeased, away to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, as they are seen at the distance of about twenty miles from the crest of the mount. The mountains which run north and south from that sea bound the view in these directions; and there, as in a hundred other spots in this unique land, the eye is arrested as it passes from object to object, each of them a history—each of them related in some form to the great work of man's redemption, or the revelation of God most high. This is the marvel of Palestine. Not its lakes—not its river—not its brooks—not its ruins—neither Carmel, nor Hermon, not even Lebanon—but the fact that amid these scenes the Son of man, the Son of God, wrought out the redemption of his Church. At the thought the head is bent in lowly reverence: the believing heart is filled with mingled awe, and love, and wonder.

The village mentioned above as crowning the summit

of the mount is a small collection of dirty houses. The mosque and its minaret are, of course, for the adherents of Islam; the Church of the Ascension is for the friends of superstition. On the highest point of the hill there is an octagonal enclosure round a small building of the same form. In the floor an aperture allows the visitor to see the natural rock, and in it the alleged impress of the Redeemer's foot, left just as he re-ascended to glory. This is a Mohammedan relic, at least a Mohammedan shows it; and we learn, beside that clumsy imposture, that Oriental and Western, Greek and Romanist, are alike the victims of delusion when they swerve from the simple Word of God.

But it is refreshing to turn from such lying wonders to ascend the minaret, and from the summit to gaze upon the country of the Saviour, again spread out beneath the eye. From the Mediterranean on the west to the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab on the east—from the land of the Philistines along the sea-board to the Ghor and the Plains of Jericho—all can be surveyed; and again, as one gazes, he wonders that a country so circumscribed and speck-like should have exercised an influence so potent over the destinies of man. This explains, in one of its aspects, the inborn pride of the children of Abraham—that from that strip influences should have gone forth which are pulsing still among the nations of the earth. It has been said of Cana of Galilee that it is more intimately associated with the affections of men than any spot on the face of the earth. That is because of the references often made to it in the marriage rite; for in that retired village, now hastening to ruins, Jesus

consecrated wedded life by his presence and his power. There is truth in the saying ; but in principle the remark applies to many a village, and city, and scene in this land of the Bible. Incidents which bear upon the everlasting felicity of man have occurred throughout the whole. Prophets, apostles, and the Redeemer have all thrown around it that charm which even Moslem fanaticism and Papal superstition cannot destroy.

The base of Mount Olivet is skirted by monuments of various kinds, many of which are curious, though those which are named are nearly all fictitious. The Tombs of the Prophets, of Jehoshaphat, of Absalom, and Zechariah—all so called—are among them. The Mount of Offence is also in the vicinity, the scene of Solomon's idolatries when his heathen wives corrupted his ways, and led him to import the abominations of Egypt into the Land of Promise. But it would not be easy even to catalogue all that is to be witnessed here. Many centuries and many generations seem to meet and cluster round Mount Olivet ; and surely if a celebrated moralist could call that a frigid philosophy which forbade men to glow with patriotic ardour at Marathon and Thermopylæ, much more might we wonder if any heart were cold or any faith not strengthened amid the sights and associations which meet us here. Were it only the Saviour's frequent passage over the southern slopes of Mount Olivet, to reach the home of Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary at Bethany, that would be enough. It would suffice to consecrate the whole vicinity in the mind of that man who knows Jesus to be what he was when on *earth*—the *Infinite* united to the finite—Omnipotence in

alliance with weakness—at once the Son of God and the Saviour of the sons of men.

We have said that the outspread attractions beheld from Olivet fix many a visitor to the spot. It is the first and the last in a visit to Jerusalem. Yet these words require some modification. To a meditative mind the view of the city is inexpressibly melancholy; and one has recorded that there is no such thing as cheerfulness about it, even on a sunny spring day. It is a mass of old stone houses, cold, sombre, and sad, presenting only blank walls to the streets, and many of them in ruins. Not more than half the space enclosed by the walls is built upon. Thickets of prickly pear and weeds, with gardens, occupy the rest. The whole of Mount Moriah, nearly the half of Mount Zion, and other portions, are either open courts or desolate and deserted places. Except on Mount Zion, and a coffee-shop near the Jaffa Gate, there is not a single house outside the gates. Then the country in the vicinity of Jerusalem, El Kuds, or The Holy, appears to be blighted, at least at seasons, as if the curse of God were on it. Bare rocks are everywhere visible. The wadies around furnish but scanty herbage for meagre goats, still scantier crops, and rarely any streams; and even the Bedawin who live, or at least prowl there, would have to wage perpetual war with famine were they not accustomed to the most meagre and the coarsest fare. Did we not know that this is in very deed the land which the Lord had blessed, and which had once flowed with milk and honey at his bidding, it would be difficult to divine where the abundance of Judah could be found except by repeating the miracle of

the manna. Such are the thoughts which have occupied some as they gazed from the crest of Olivet—all seemed blighted and sear.

Sad and suggestive, however, as all this may be, there is one topic upon which all visitors to the Holy Land seem absolutely at one,—the attractions of this mount itself. We submit one concluding extract as a specimen of hundreds:—"Again, and yet again, we walked that mountain path to Bethany, and gathered flowers along its sides to be life-long memorials. It was there that He talked with his disciples; there the fig-tree withered at his command; it was on that path that he mounted the ass, and rode triumphant into the city amid the acclamations of the people—the very people, perhaps, who a few days later shouted, 'Crucify him!' It was somewhere along that path that he led the disciples when the bending heavens opened to receive him, and the angels conducted him to his great white throne."—Such are the facts settled without controversy; why, then, appeal to poor and shadowy tradition for other and questionable attractions? Nay, amid these sacred scenes, let us adhere to the unadorned loveliness of *nature*, as in redemption we cling to the power of grace, free, sovereign, and omnipotent. It is thus that in our walks about Jerusalem we are at once gladdened by the remembrance of glories past, and enabled to anticipate the more transcendent glories that are to come. The gloom of this poor Jerusalem is relieved by the glories of the Jerusalem which is above.



III.

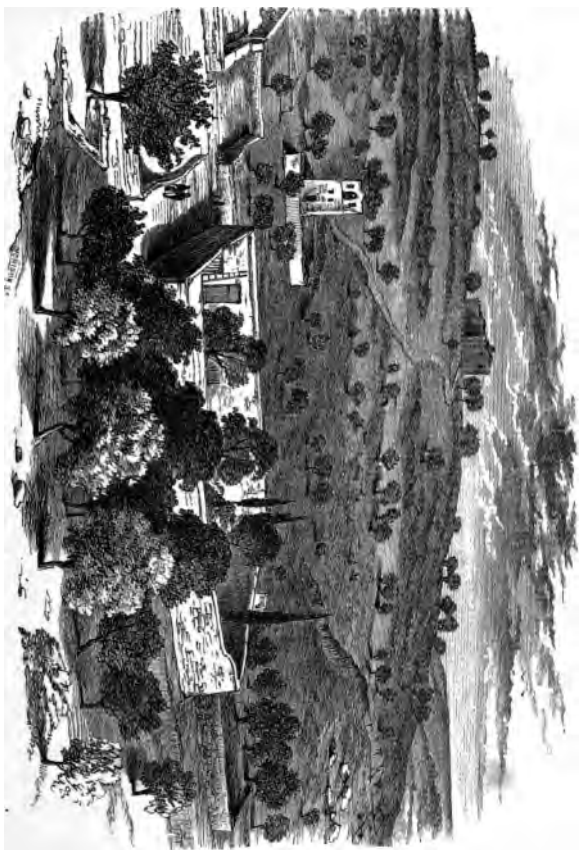
THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



HIS is, perhaps, the most interesting spot of all that the traveller can visit; and, happily, its general position is one of the least questionable about Jerusalem. He will perhaps leave the city by the Jaffa Gate, although in ancient times some of the other gates would have been more convenient, and soon reaches the bed of "the brook Cedron;" which, though commonly dry, is crossed by a bridge. Near that bridge, and a little to the right, is the alleged site of the Garden of Gethsemane. It is thirty or forty feet higher than the brook, from which the north-west corner of the enclosure is distant about 145 feet. The western wall which now encloses it extends to about 160 feet in length, and that on the north to 150. Within that enclosure there are eight olive-trees, obviously of uncommon antiquity, even for the long-lived olive. Stones are piled up around the trunks, for safety or for strength; and one cannot approach the place without a feeling that perhaps only a generation or two,

according to the length of a generation among such trees, may separate these gnarled stems from the days of Jesus of Nazareth. Though a cautious scepticism suggests that there is nothing to lead to an absolute decision of the question, "Is this the very Gethsemane?" and though it is said by some that at other places in the neighbourhood there are olive-trees as ancient, and places as likely, yet it must have been *hereabout* that the events took place which will render the whole region solemn till the hour when all shall be wrapped in its winding-sheet of fire.

Yet Gethsemane is in itself a plain prosaic garden. It is now laid out in stiff and unseemly flower-beds, where the borders are formed by rows of lavender, which at certain seasons load the air with their odours. There are fourteen Stations marked within the enclosure, as places for prayer or superstition, and each of these is alleged to indicate a spot signalized by the incidents of that memorable evening which made Gethsemane what it must ever be—next to the Cross, a scene for solemn impressions to the sons of men. The precise spot is indicated where Judas exclaimed, "Hail, master!" and kissed him; and a path in the enclosure is marked off from the rest, because it was pressed by the feet of the traitor. But, in such a neighbourhood, the devout mind declines such legendary lore, and clings to the great whole. The grotto of the agony, that of the bloody sweat, and similar fantastic inventions, are all discarded; for on no principles but those of Popery can the false and the pretentious ever be asked to favour the true. There may, *indeed*, be falsehood in sentiment as well as in tradition. When a man visits Gethsemane, and comes back to



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

tell us that he could hear the heavy, slow, and solemn beating of his heart amid the stillness of the garden, we become sceptical about a narrative which is at once so weak and so exaggerated. Yet where on earth, if not on Calvary (were it known), or in Gethsemane, can external nature help to place us in close communion with the Lord of all? Where can faith more nearly pass into sight? Where can we more profoundly feel the force of the wish of him who desired to touch and to handle the wounds of his Redeemer?

One willingly surrenders himself, then, to the impressions of the place. It *may* be true that this spot was selected for the garden only in the days of the Empress Helena, or about the year 326; it may admit of proof that antiquity is not in absolute harmony with itself upon the subject—one author placing the spot at which Judas betrayed his Master in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and others on the slopes or at the base of Olivet; but as the sacred narrative unquestionably points to *this vicinity*, we sit down here, with the Bible open before us, as it should habitually be in the Holy Land, and with it for our guide-book, we try to drink in the lessons which the scene may help to deepen, while the Word imparts them.

On this subject John says, "Jesus went forth over the brook Cedron, where was a garden." Luke says, "He went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives." Here, therefore, he sought a retreat when the hour and the power of darkness came. Here his "soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Here he retired to some distance, even from his chosen disciples, to cast himself

once, again, and again on the tenderness of the Father. Here he embodied, in his utmost extremity, the spirit of his own profoundly simple prayer, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." Here he found that his disciples could not watch with him one hour, and yet here he kindly excused the apparent indifference, saying, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Here, also, the Redeemer, in his strong agony, saw the officers, led on by Judas, hunting him out with torches, as if he had been a fugitive from justice, amid the foliage of the place, their swords and their armour gleaming in the light of the full moon, or of the lanterns which they bore. Here the traitor's kiss pointed out the Lamb for the slaughter; and here was uttered that mildest of all rebukes, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

Moreover, here one of the Saviour's disciples smote off the ear of the high priest's servant with a sword; but here Jesus healed that wound, and restored the member, because that action was opposed to the spirit of his religion. Here an angel appeared to Jesus, to strengthen him. Here, at his mere word, those who came to seize him fell on the ground; and here they seized him after all, bound him, and led him away. Here all the disciples forsook him and fled. Here, in short, scenes of profoundest interest were witnessed, and sorrows of unmatched depth were endured. Were Calvary known, we repeat, and could we describe all that was suffered there by Him who endured such contradiction of sinners, we might find some spot that would rival Gethsemane in interest; but as the "place called Calvary" is hopelessly unknown, *this is the foremost spot on earth, for the*

closeness of its connection with the Man of Sorrows and the Prince of Peace—with him who resisted unto blood, that sinners might live for ever. Even now, it is scarcely a fancy for the solitary traveller, as he meditates at Gethsemane, to think that he still hears the words, "O my Father! if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done."

The city is near at hand, the walls almost overhang the garden, and it is not difficult to go back in thought to that night, so full of future woe and future glory, and study the demeanour of the myriads whom these walls enclosed upwards of eighteen centuries ago. Busy with their cares, their pleasures, their plans, or their revenge, they heeded not the Saviour, or thought only of his death. But where is he now,—and where are they? Where is Pontius Pilate? Where is the high-priest of the day? Where is Judas? Where the soldiers that seized him? At the thought, one is prompted to exclaim, "O that men were wise!" He that travelled in the greatness of his strength was then in his sore agony; and those whom he loved so well were rushing upon ruin. He had wept over their coming woe, and given to Earth glimpses of the fathomless compassion of Heaven. He is now in deeper anguish still than when he shed those tears; for he is engaged in a death-struggle with that holy law whose demands he had lived to meet, and whose penalty he was dying to exhaust. But even the people—"his own"—were heedless of his sorrows; revelry proceeded without a check. Religion without God, and worship without the heart, were all they had. And oh, how often since that night has that scene been repeated,

in regard to the members of Christ, of whom he speaks as one with himself! The world has rejoiced while the children of God were perishing in the persecutor's grasp; that is, as the Master was, so have the servants been. Gethsemane with all its anguish was to him the vestibule of heaven; to them, the rack, the fire, the wild beast, the inquisition, the axe, have been the prelude to glory; and under the shade of these hoary olive-trees, which could tell us tales of perhaps a thousand years ago, one can thus behold in its germ the entire history of the Church on earth—the bulrush ark on the water—the bush in the flames again—the lily among thorns—the Lamb's bride exposed to the malice of those who here compassed the death of the Lamb himself.

Amid the silence and solitude of this garden by moonlight, one can profoundly realize the connection which knits things seen and temporal to things unseen and eternal. Jesus could look on Heaven as his home, his own native land: we were once strangers and foreigners there, but in him may be naturalized. Perhaps in this very enclosure, certainly in this vicinity, amid his agony, flashes of the glory of his home were granted, to animate and sustain him; and have not we also, in our Gethsemanes, foreshadowings and foretastes of the glory that is coming?

"All is not woe; there are bright gleams of bliss,
To cheer the pilgrim as he climbs the steep;
And if those gleams presage eternal peace,
Why o'er our sorrows droop, or weakly weep?"

Nay, when sorrows threaten to exhaust, visit Gethsemane, and find what will be refreshing as cold water to the

thirsty soul. When friends prove false as Judas did, or forsake us and flee as "all the disciples" fled from Jesus, we may hasten just the more quickly to Gethsemane, to see the Man of Sorrows suffering there, but suffering that we might triumph and rejoice.

"The Garden of the Agony" is now the property of a Franciscan convent, and its owners guard the grassless, sometimes flowerless, enclosure with some care. Their motives are twofold. Superstition, of course, is one, and avarice the other. The name Gethsemane is understood to mean "the oil-press;" and, whether for the produce of the trees or the *douceurs* of visitors, the spot is prized. Young trees are carefully planted, to supply the place of those which are decaying; yet the present loneliness and desertion, and the scarred appearance of the scene, all harmonize well with the associations and the thoughts to which it gives rise. One would be pained and repelled by the sight of aught gairish there.

The monks and Chateaubriand, their encomiast, believe that the existing olive-trees are the identical plants which witnessed the Saviour's agony. But it is enough to have mentioned such a supposition. Stanley more discreetly says, that these trees will remain, as long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the face of the earth; their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem. Here, if anywhere, there are "tongues in the trees;" and their utterance is one of mingled joy and sorrow.



IV.

MOUNT MORIAH.



T has already been noticed that Mount Moriah, on the east side of Jerusalem, was formerly crowned with the Temple of Solomon (2 Chron. iii. 1). From the Mount of Olives, the Mosque of Omar can now be explored by the eye, as the Temple was of old; and we know that it was when gazing on this mount from Olivet that the Saviour pronounced some of his most startling predictions over Jerusalem.

Moriah is first mentioned in the Bible in connection with the sacrifice of Isaac (Gen. xxii. 1, 2). It was then an unpeopled region, and we know that a thicket grew upon the spot. Long subsequent to that period Moriah still preserved its rural character; for Araunah the Jebusite had a threshing-floor there, which he gave to David as a site for an altar to his God (2 Sam. xxiv. 15-25). When the Temple was erected, the Jews believed that the altar of burnt-offering stood precisely on the spot where Abraham placed his altar. Solomon

connected Mount Zion, which lies to the south-west, with Moriah, by a stupendous causeway which led from his palace to the Temple. At present, however, Moriah



MOUNT MORIAH.

is scarcely to be distinguished from Mount Zion, except by antiquarian eyes. The intervening valley has been much filled up, so that the two eminences appear to be now nearly one; though no changes of time can ever obliterate the associations of the past and the anticipations of the future, connected with Moriah, its Temple, and its God.

To show how far the old landmarks of the city have been effaced by the lapse of time and the ravages of war, it may be mentioned that when a Protestant church was about to be erected on Mount Zion, not less than fifty feet of rubbish and debris had to be cleared away before a firm foundation could be found! To fix with absolute certainty the exact spot of some events which happened in Jerusalem, is, consequently, in many cases utterly impossible; and few would attempt it unless they were first blinded, and then impelled, by superstition. Standing by the Tarpeian Rock, above the Roman Forum, one is doubtful for a time whether such a paltry eminence could ever be employed for the purposes to which it was sometimes applied. But when we descend into the Forum, and see the fathoms of rubbish piled upon it, the doubts disappear. Now, Jerusalem has been yet more frequently sacked, burned, and razed than Rome, and the piles of rubbish heaped over a great part of its area should make us wary as to alleged historical spots, except where the nature of the ground makes change impossible—as at the Pool of Siloam, the Mount of Olives, and some other places. It may guide us, however, amid numerous sources of difficulty, to remember that the hills of Zion, of Akra, of Moriah, and Bezetha, according to the opinions of most of those who have visited Jerusalem, can still be traced as of old. The brook Kidron cannot be mistaken; the Valley of Hinnom could not be effaced except by some earthquake convulsion: and thus, while we walk about Zion, or tell her towers, much may be learned at once to establish and explain the Word of God.

Few can resort to Moriah, or scan it from the slope of Olivet, without being reminded that it is one of the spots where Earth and Heaven have met, or where it was made plain that God did not abandon man when man had forsaken God. Nay, on this mount one of the most wonderful manifestations was made regarding the promised Deliverer, his sacrifice and his return to life. For an age when men were taught religion rather by what they saw than by what they heard—by pictorial representation rather than by vocal utterance—no one can over-estimate the meaning of Abraham's act in his willingness to offer Isaac on this mount. The spirit in which it was done, the antecedents, the accompaniments and results of the deed, all proclaim that this was the finger of God; and while we are thereby pointed forward to the Lamb of God, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, Jerusalem becomes more and more sacred in a good man's eyes. True, that mount is for the present all trodden down; it is profaned by the rites of Islam. No one dare explore it except at the risk of his life. But that will not be for ever, and, meanwhile, even in its sad desecration, the place is dear. The dawn of its emancipation from the Turk, moreover, approaches. The sacred precincts have lately been explored again and again, in a way that would perhaps have ended in death half a century ago.

It is but right to add here, that some doubt whether *this* Moriah be that of Abraham. There *are* difficulties connected with the question the moment it is raised. *Yet, if this must be denied, what may be believed?* The *Moslem enclosure* called Haram, or "The Holy," and

Haram-esh-Sherif, "The Noble Sanctuary," is generally believed to occupy the site, and we do not see *sufficient* reason for disturbing the belief. Its extent, 1500 feet by 1050, may seem too ample to have been a threshing-floor; and the stately cloisters, the alleys of trees, the Mosque El-Aksa, and other things, may countenance a surmise; but, superstition all apart, we see no valid reason for denying that "The Dome of the Rock" is the real Moriah.





V.

THE GATES AND TOWERS OF JERUSALEM.



IN all ancient cities, from Thebes and Troy to Rome, the gates have been objects of prime importance. Those of Jerusalem were numerous, but it is not easy to acquire exact information regarding them. On the north side there stood the Old Gate (Neh. iii. 6); the Gate of Ephraim, or Benjamin (Jer. xxxviii. 7); and the Corner Gate. On the west side the Valley Gate appears to have been placed; while on the south were the Dung Gate (Neh. iii. 13) and the Gate of the Fountain (Neh. ii. 14); and on the east, the Water Gate, the Prison Gate, the Sheep Gate, and the Fish Gate. All these, and perhaps some others, are mentioned in Scripture, but most of them are involved in endless controversy; indeed the difference of opinion that prevails on the subject of the walls of Jerusalem is so wide, and the feelings connected with it are so intense, that the haze of doubt produced *by these disputes* extends to many other subjects connected with the city. At all events, the visitor who

wanders over the two miles and a half which form the circuit of modern Jerusalem, will not find the gates now mentioned. On the contrary, there exist at present only four open gates, or one on each side; though other four, walled up and never opened, are visible in the fortifications. On the west side is the Bab-el-Khulil, or the Hebron Gate, called also the Bethlehem, the Jaffa, and



DAMASCUS GATE.

the Pilgrims'. On the north lies the Damascus Gate, by which travellers from that city, from Sychar, and other places in North Palestine, commonly enter Jerusalem. On the east we find what is now called St. Stephen's Gate by the Franks, while Mussulmans call it Bab-es-Subat, or Gate of the Tribes; and some Romanists, the Gate of our Lady Mary. The road from it leads to Anata or Anathoth, to Bethany, and places adjacent.

And the fourth gate is called Bab-en-Nebi Doud, the Gate of the Prophet David. From it several paths lead down to the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom.

The gates which are now walled up are—first, on the north side, Bab-es-Zahary, or the Flowery; secondly, the Dung Gate, on the south, or Bab-el-Mugharibeh; thirdly, on the east, a gate called by the natives the



THE GOLDEN GATE.

Eternal, but by others, the Golden; and fourthly, a gate which is rarely mentioned, near the south wall of the Great Mosque. The Porta Aurea, or the Golden Gate, mentioned in this list, has been shut up for centuries. It is a somewhat massive structure of Roman *workmanship*; and the interior recess, formed by the *wall which blocks it up*, is used by Mohammedans as

a place for prayer connected with the Great Mosque. The traditions which are circulated regarding it are characteristic and numerous. It is walled up, according to some, because the adherents of Mohammed believe that a king is to enter by it who will take possession of the city, and become lord of the whole earth. The basis of that tradition can easily be divined. According to the Islamites, the Porta Aurea, which they call the Gate of Mercy, was walled up for security, because it fronts the desert, and was exposed to the sudden attacks of its roaming hordes. Still others add that it was built up by Omar himself, and will not be opened again till the coming of Christ. When the Crusaders had possession of Jerusalem, the Porta Aurea was opened once each year, to celebrate the Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people who were soon to cry "Crucify! crucify!" were as vehement in shouting "Hosanna."

A passing reference has already been made to a causeway or bridge by which Solomon connected Mount Zion, where the Palace of the kings of Judah stood, with the Temple, which crowned Moriah. There was a deep valley between the two, which is now much filled up by ruins and rubbish, and the thousand changes which have swept over the ill-fated city; and across that valley a pathway was thrown for the convenience of royalty when it went to worship. Though historians had made distinct mention of that work, it was long forgotten, and no trace of it was known or noticed. In recent times, however, the scrutiny of modern travellers has discovered some of the substructions of that viaduct. The place of *these remains* is approached by a steep street, leading



SPRING OF THE GREAT ARCH.

from the Latin Convent to near the corner of the Great Mosque; and no one should now visit Jerusalem without examining the spring of the great arch, whose stones are so vast and so hoary in their antiquity, connecting us, probably, with the days of Solomon and his successors. Three courses still remain, of which one is five feet four

inches thick, and the others about as much ; while one stone is twenty-five feet long, and other two stones are not much less.

The men who laid such foundations, and reared such structures upon them, no doubt felt elated amid their colossal enterprise. Ba'albec, Palmyra, and the bridge on Mount Moriah—who would have dared to predict the desolation of these vast structures when they stood in their glory to add to the pride of man? And yet that desolation has come ; so that not merely man, but his most majestic works are seen to be as grass. In the view of such things, are we not directly confronted with Him who is strong alike to smite or to save, and who can make the feeblest strong, or the strongest like flax before the flame? It is such spectacles that sometimes render a sojourn in the Holy City painful. Were there waters and willows there as at Babylon, many a Christian pilgrim—we mean pilgrims of the scriptural type—would hang their harps upon them, and weep much for the hurt of the daughters of Jerusalem. It is believed that it was this viaduct—"the ascent by which the king went up to the house of the Lord"—that amazed the Queen of Sheba, "so that there was no more spirit in her." Whether that was actually the case or not, the work was stupendous. It forms another reason why we should pause before we assume a superiority over the ancients in regard to architecture. In mass, at least, they far surpassed the moderns.

In trying to form some idea of the ancient city, we should not pass by its towers without some attention. They are referred to in Scripture in various connections,

but the chief of those that remain date from the days of Herod the Great. The Tower of Hippicus stood at the north-west corner of the city, and was named after a friend of Herod's who perished in battle. Other towers were those of Phasaelus and Mariamne,—the former named after the friend, and the latter after the wife of Herod, by whom both were built. These towers were of well-known importance during the siege of Jerusalem, and in their neighbourhood some of the most terrible scenes of that tragic chapter in man's history were enacted. At present, however, their site and all that relates to them form another arena for antiquarian debate. The pride of the tyrant who built them has long been laid in the dust. Magnificent as he was in his tastes, and gifted above most of his contemporaries, Herod the Great was a monster of all conceivable iniquity—a seven-fold murderer—and he and his proudest monuments are equally fallen now. How different the lot of the lowliest believer in Jesus, in Herod's oppressed dominions!

One tower, however, may deserve a more special notice—namely, that of Antonia; so designated by Herod in honour of Mark Antony. It was deemed the Citadel of Jerusalem, and communicated with the cloisters of the Temple by secret passages, through which soldiers could hasten to quell the tumults which sometimes happened at the high festivals of Judaism. It was there that Pilate found a guard for the entombed body of Jesus; and along one of these passages Paul was conveyed when the Jews rose up against him, and would *have put him to death* (Acts xxi., xxii.) There he *defended his conduct*, and declared his conversion: there,

in short, he did to a riotous mob what he subsequently repeated to King Agrippa, Bernice, and Festus. And thus in crypt, and under the canopy of heaven, by pool or mount, in garden or amid ruins, the events of redemption are pressed upon us here in aspects numberless, but all attractive. If the heart be still without God, it must needs be detected here; if He be its chosen portion, we may here rejoice more than ever in his exuberant favour.

We need not try to tell the bloody scenes which the Tower of Antonia witnessed during the siege of Jerusalem. The death-struggles of a proud, a corrupt, and a doomed nation there took place; and there blood was shed like water, while the dead were piled in heaps till walls might be scaled by climbing over the ghastly piles.

It will be noticed that no detailed reference has been made to the *walls* of Jerusalem. They have given rise to some of the most acrimonious of all the discussions raised regarding the city. On the side next the Mount of Olives, along the whole course of the brook Kidron, Upper and Lower, as well as on the side skirted by the valleys of Hinnom and Gihon, there can be no dispute. The walls in these part are to-day altogether where they must have been ever since Jerusalem was a fenced city; and some of the stones are at once so massive and so peculiar in their formation, that no doubt can for a moment be entertained regarding their antiquity. But the side on which the city opens up towards the country, that is, to the north or north-west, has become an arena for high debate, and a wordy warfare as to the walls of Jerusalem is waged there, as intense of its kind as the most bloody struggle that ever was maintained between

Jew and Roman, or Persian, or Turk. The reason is not that there is really much difficulty in the question itself. It is confessed that at different periods there were three walls constructed there; the second nearer the open country than the first, and the third than the second, as the exigencies of defence, or the increase of the population required. But where were these walls placed in regard to the spot which at present is believed by many to mark the place of the Sepulchre? The crucifixion and all its accompaniments were outside the walls. Hence it is a life-and-death struggle for the devotees of tradition to maintain that the walls ran in a certain direction, or included certain localities; while those who consider the question with no foregone conclusion to uphold, and with no guide but the New Testament to consult, are free and unembarrassed in their deductions. Into the controversy, however, we do not enter further than to say, that of all the hopeless efforts made by man, it seems one of the most hopeless, to attempt to prove that the present alleged site of the Holy Sepulchre was outside the walls. In that respect, as in many others, superstition has forged and rivetted its fetters upon man.





VI.

THE JAFFA GATE AND THE TOWER OF DAVID.

AS we have already seen, this gate is also called the Gate of Bethlehem, the Pilgrims' Gate, and the Hebron Gate. It is commonly the first that is entered by visitors to Jerusalem from the west. Whether we come by the way of the Desert of Beersheba, Hebron, and other places in the south parts of Palestine, or from ancient Joppa on the west, this is the usual entrance into the sacred precincts. It is situated close beside the Citadel, which lies to the north-west of Mount Zion. Like the other gates, it is regularly closed and guarded at night; but all travellers tell that a golden or a silver key can secure admission at most hours. In the time of the Crusades, the adjoining Castle was called the Citadel of David. It consists of an irregular assemblage of square towers, surrounded on the side next the city by a low wall, and on the outer side by a deep trench. From the edge of that trench the towers spring up, and are there fortified by a *solid sloping buttress*. The north-eastern tower, called

by pre-eminence the Tower of David, is manifestly ancient. The lower portion, to the height of about fifty feet, is built of large stones, bevelled in the peculiar manner which carries us back over eighteen centuries at



TOWER OF DAVID (OR HIPPICUS).

least, and resembling some of the remaining portions of the ancient city wall, and other unquestionably ancient

remains. The tower is quadrangular, but not square ; but no entrance is found to the lower and more ancient portion, as it is buried—perhaps to the extent of ten feet or more—in the rubbish and debris accumulated on Mount Zion. But it should be observed, that though the popular voice and tradition have for centuries called this the Tower of David, some exact investigators of the antiquities of Jerusalem have now little doubt that it is part of the Tower of Hippicus, already named, built by Herod, and spared by Titus when he sacked the city—the most prominent remnant of antiquity now visible in Jerusalem. It is known to have been surmounted of old by a stately residence, the abode of royalty ; but in the deep degradation of the place, this tower, like all the rest, has shared.





VII.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.



TO form a correct impression as to this valley, it may be well to take our place once more on the slope of Olivet looking toward the city. From that position the Valley of Jehoshaphat is seen commencing on the north side of Jerusalem.

At first it is rather a depression than an actual valley or glen; but it deepens as we advance eastward, and when it reaches the southern root of the Mount of Olives, the valley suddenly trends to the south. In that part of its course it forms a defence for the city which rendered it impregnable in ancient warfare. The gulf is precipitous—somewhat like the Castle Rock in Edinburgh. The valley is joined at the south-east corner of the city by another valley from the west—namely, the Valley of Hinnom; and that screens the city on the south. The Valley of Hinnom becomes that of Gihon a little further up. And thus on three sides the city of the Great King has natural defences, not very important now, but once sufficient against any ordinary assailant.



THE VALLEY OF JEHOASHAPHAT.

It was on the north, or north-west, therefore, that it could be effectually attacked; and we know that there the deadly conflict between besieger and besieged has a hundred times been waged. On the east, the south, and the south-west sides, the surrounding valleys formed the strength of Jerusalem; elsewhere it was vulnerable, and there its heroes or its maddened fanatics fought and fell.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat* is the bed of the brook Kidron; and when there is water in existence there, it is carried off through that channel to the gloomy gulf of the Dead Sea. It is somewhat difficult to say why so much consequence is now attached to this valley, as it was scarcely known in the Old Testament under its present name. But as Joel speaks of a Valley of Jehoshaphat where God will judge the heathen, that name has for the last fifteen or sixteen hundred years, without any other authority, been applied to this glen.

For part of its course the Kidron is fringed by excavated tombs. Advancing along the valley from north to south, the rocks on which the ramparts of the city rest are about 100 feet high, and the glen about 145 feet wide. As we proceed southward the banks become more precipitous, a bridge of one arch is thrown across the brook, and not far distant are found what have long been regarded as the Tombs of Jehoshaphat, of Absalom, and others. A little further on, the valley becomes a mere ravine, and the wall of the Temple area (of the Mosque now) here overhangs the place. The height of the rock here approaches 200 feet. Proceeding still

* The name Jehoshaphat means in Hebrew, "Jehovah judges;" and from some impression founded upon that, Romanists, Mussulmans, and Jews alike believe that the final judgment will take place in this valley.

further south, with Gethsemane on the east and the city on the west, we reach the village of Siloam and its pool, the entrance of the Valley of Hinnom, then the Well of Joab or Nehemiah at En-Rogel; and soon after that the valley opens up into corn-fields, and indeed there are patches under culture at different places along the margin. Olive and fig trees are planted there, and ere it reaches the Dead Sea the Valley of Jehoshaphat has become at one place "Monk's Valley," at another "the Valley of Fire." Numerous wadies open into this course, which run east from the water-shed at about the level of Jerusalem; but though small patches of cultivated land are found in some of them, yet, like the Kidron itself, they contain no perennial stream.

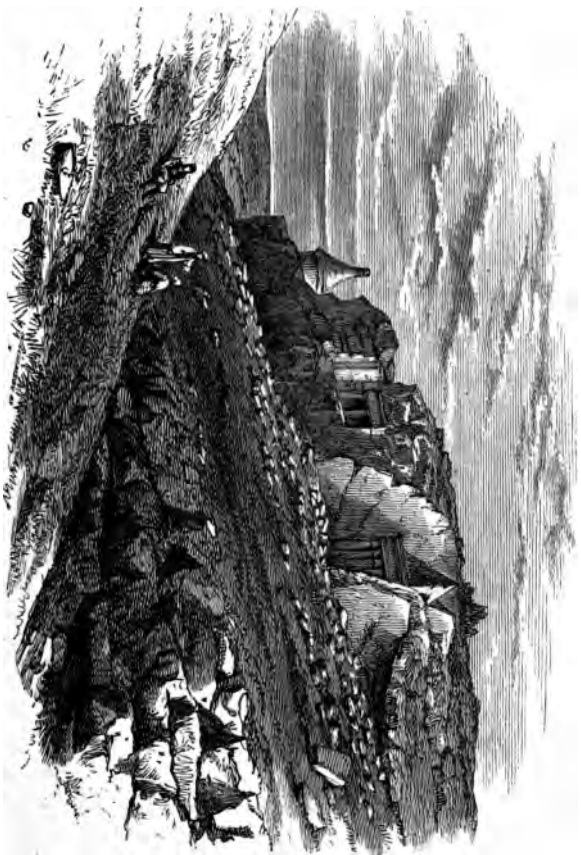




VIII.

TOMBS IN THE VALLEY.

REFERENCE has been made to the tombs which skirt the Kidron. Names are of course attached to them; and the Tombs of Helena, of the Virgin Mary, of Jehoshaphat, of St. James, of Zechariah, of the prophets, and others, are mentioned. The ascription of one of these to Absalom rests on the authority of 2 Sam. xviii. 18, where we read that when Absalom had no children, he reared up a pillar to himself in the King's Dale. But though we retain the traditional name, it must be added that many circumstances combine to prove that this monument is of comparatively modern origin. It is chiefly hewn from the solid rock, and forms a conspicuous and pleasing, though dilapidated object in the valley. Neither Jew nor Moslem will pass without casting a stone, and spitting at the pile, on account of the character of him whose monument it is fabled to be. It is about 24 feet square, and 40 feet high, and is ornamented by pillars and pilasters of the Ionic order, though there are



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

Doric ornaments also. The most intelligent travellers now agree that the style of this monument betokens a much more recent origin than tradition assigns to it. More-



ABSALOM'S TOMB—RESTORED.

over, it has changed names so often that all is doubt regarding it. The Tomb of Jehoshaphat at one time, passes into the Tomb of Isaiah at another; then some other worthy supplants both: so that, like a thousand sights and scenes in this land of ruins and of figments, the chief certainty is that nothing is certainly known upon the subject.

Few things can strike the traveller more solemnly in this solemn land than the tombs excavated in the rocks in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Some of these have become the habitations of the living; a few are filled with skulls and skeletons, but whether of Jews, Romans, Crusaders, more ancient or more modern occupants, who can tell? Most of them, however, are empty now, and the bodies once deposited there have literally become dust, impalpable, invisible. Not one solitary instance can be mentioned in which we assuredly know who were the first occupants of these abodes, excavated as they were with great labour, and sometimes with great taste. The Tomb of Absalom, in particular, belongs to that class. No intelligent visitor believes that it has any real connection with the unprincipled son of David. He who had this mausoleum constructed here, no doubt anticipated immortality for his name; but instead of that, his monument, battered and rifled as it is, tells no more about him than we can tell of what is still a thousand years away in the distant future.

The Tomb of Zechariah, not far from that of Absalom, is not less apocryphal. It was at one time assigned to King Hezekiah, but now by mere force of traditional repetition, without any historical authority, the name of Zechariah is attached to it. But what Zechariah? the prophet, or who else? That also is unknown, and a blind guide, Tradition, is all we have to follow in the case. The structure is a square pile, about 20 feet high, adorned with Ionic pilasters, and having a pyramidal top—all cut from the solid rock. This monolith is described as containing a certain mixture of the Greek and the

Egyptian styles—"a link between the Pyramids and the Parthenon;" but more severe judges deem such criticism too encomiastic. It is not to be denied, however, that though the names of these tombs be utterly mythical, their presence adds beauty to the ravine, and imparts a shade of grandeur, gloomy, but not therefore inappropriate to the scene.

At no great distance from the tombs now described there is another, near the village of Silwân (Siloam), which is also hewn from the solid rock. It is said to be the Tomb of Pharaoh's daughter whom Solomon married. But as that also is utterly mythical, we may leave it in the obscurity in which it has been for ages. Nor can we speak more positively regarding what is called the Tomb of Jehoshaphat. It is situated behind that of Absalom, and is subterranean. The Jews are allowed to exercise entire control regarding it, and keep it always closed. The floating legends of the vicinity say that the Hebrews there preserve a copy of their law, with other relics of former days and former glory; but nothing definite is known, and, perhaps, were excavations made, the spot would be discharmed; it would just be one tomb more added to the others around it whose original occupants have faded away from the memories of men, without an echo or a vestige to tell who they were. Each one, however, will answer to his name when the great muster is made for the last assize. How fleeting the things of earth! How stable the Word of God!



IX.

THE TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS.

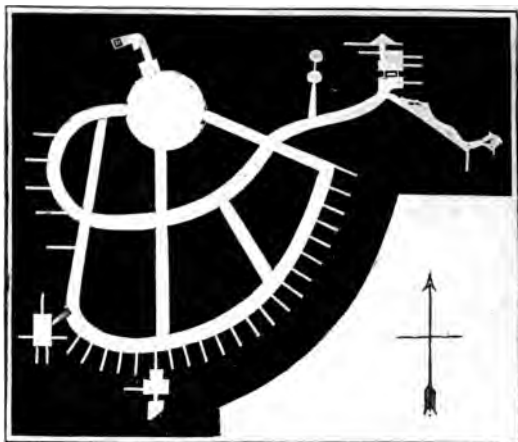


HE Tombs of the Prophets have also been mentioned as existing in this vicinity, at least according to tradition. They are called also the Catacombs of the Mount of Olives, and lie somewhat to the south-west of the minaret which crowns that mount. The entrance to these subterranean abodes is found in an olive garden, and the descent is by an aperture in the rock.



TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS -- FRONT VIEW.

Mr. Williams thus describes them : "Through a long gallery, first serpentine and then direct, but winding as you advance, one passes into a circular hall, rising into a



TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS—PLAN.

conical dome about twenty-four feet in diameter. From this hall run three passages, communicating with two semicircular galleries connective with the hall, the outer one of which contains in its back wall numerous recesses for the corpses, radiating toward the centre hall. No inscriptions or remains of any kind have been discovered to elucidate the mysteries of these mansions for the dead."

They are described, however, by different travellers in very different ways. Some speak of them as splendid remains of antiquity, and one of the catacombs, called that of Helena, is spoken of as a monument of royal



TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS—INTERIOR.

magnificence; while others describe them as being one and all very rude excavations—formed, some conjecture, “for speculation purposes.” The ornamental carvings are not allowed to possess much beauty. But after all the needed deductions have been made, our interest is scarcely lessened in that strange under-ground world and under-ground existence, where generation after generation must have slept, till some ruthless hand scattered their remains to the wind. There can be no doubt that much of the ground near Jerusalem is hollow, or at least honey-combed; and if subterranean Rome was reputed a rival for Rome in open day, the same may perhaps be said of some parts of the neighbourhood of the Jewish metropolis, now the metropolis alike of Romanist and Greek, of Frank and Oriental.



X.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.



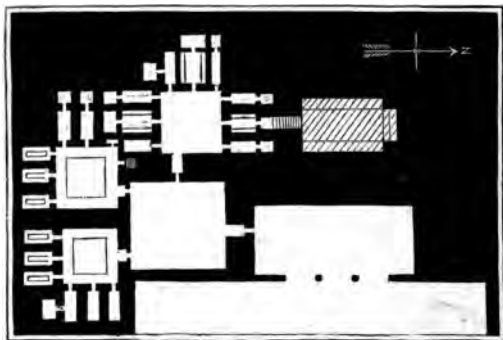
THE ruins or excavations known under this name deserve a more particular notice. They stand upon a different side of the city from those which have now been referred to—namely, on the road to Sychar, and at a short distance from the Damascus Gate. Whatever antiquaries may eventually decide regarding them, these crypts are worthy of being the last resting-place of royalty. A pathway, cut in the solid rock, leads down from the level of the ground to a large open court, above one hundred feet square, also excavated from the rock. One end of that court is decorated with a portico, on which flowers and fruits are exquisitely chiselled; and to the left of that portico an entrance leads into an ante-room, twelve feet square, still cut exclusively from the solid limestone rock. Passing through that room, the visitor enters another which is much larger—and still all solid, though seven or eight yards square. Through this stately chamber he passes on to a number of others, all formed by the



TOMBS OF THE KINGS—FRONT VIEW.

same process of excavation; and round all these apartments, except the first, niches are cut in the live rock, as receptacles for the dead. The coverings of these had been richly carved, but they are now for the most part demolished. The doors of the chambers, of which none are now entire, had been made of stone panels, swung upon stone hinges, moving in stone sockets. Everything

here, in short, as well as the dwellings of the dead, has been fashioned from the rock; and this palace of departed royalty seemed destined to endure, if aught earthly could do so. It may be noticed, moreover, that the decorations here are all joyous, rather than grave or



TOMBS OF THE KINGS—PLAN.

melancholy; as if the associations of those dead with death were better represented by flowers and festoons than by the cypress and the skeleton. In a word, so exquisite were these tombs, that some regard them as those referred to by Pausanias, who names them along with the tomb of King Mausolus, which has become a very proverb for its grandeur.

But whose tombs *are* these? Are they really the last resting-place of the kings of Judah, as tradition would teach? On the contrary, their name is a deception, like much more in this land of superstitious falsehoods. Dr. Clarke, and after him Dr. Robinson, reckon them the

tomb of Helena, widow of Monobazus, king of Adiabene, who became a Jewess, and died at Jerusalem, in the reign of Claudius Cæsar. Chateaubriand, and after him Dr. Wilson, assign them to the line of Herod. But the question is too intricate to be considered here. Enough to say that they are not the tombs of the kings of Judah—enough to have pointed out the structure and the beauty of these spacious dwellings of the dead—a scene full at once of interest and of saddening amazement to the mind that thinks as it gazes.

For one should not leave a spot so peculiar without glancing, at least, at the lessons which may there be impressed. In all the pomp and circumstance, most probably, of royalty these tombs were constructed. Many years, much treasure, and perhaps some lives were lavished on excavations at once so elaborate and so tasteful. As chamber after chamber was hewed out, and as niche after niche was formed, no doubt *some one* felt elated by the permanence thus given to his memory and his name. But alas for mortal man! Who did all this? is a question now agitated, and not likely to be soon settled. Who planned a work in many respects so exquisite? Who constructed monuments so costly? Was it a Jewish proselyte? Was it the line of the Herods? Was it some section of royalty just known as “the kings”? All is uncertain now; and thus the great swelling hopes of men perish like a lie. No doubt when the Egyptian king had built the Great Pyramid, he deemed himself immortal—*his* name would never perish. And yet for many generations he was utterly unknown; and even after long excavations and much deciphering,

we have arrived only at a good guess as to who the builder was. Were it not wise, then, for men to busy themselves somewhat more about the "honour which cometh from God only"?

Amid the relics of former times observed in these tombs, is a stone formed so as to shut up one of the doors into the crypts. Those who have examined it with care have told us that it very aptly illustrates the mode employed for shutting the tomb where Jesus lay. The great stone that was rolled to the door, the difficulty of removing it, the need of stooping down before an entrance could be effected, and other things, are all made plain by a glance at this aperture. It is, in truth, another point of contact between eighteen centuries ago and this hour—another illustration of the Bible from this wonder-land.

But other thoughts press upon the mind amid such sepulchral depths. The niches are empty now, and not a bone remains to indicate their occupants, though fancy can well re-people them again. Men who had followed the fortunes of David, or admired the gorgeousness of his son, might occupy some of these tombs around Jerusalem. In later times, some of those whom the Saviour healed might be laid at last in some of these dark recesses. But conjecture is endless amid such scenes. Lone Judah here, too, surely weeps beneath her palm; and we of the West may deepen her dirge by adding ours:—

"Oh! weep for those who wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land's a dream;
Weep for the harp,—lone Judah's broken shell;
Mourn,—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell."



XI.

THE TOMBS OF THE JUDGES.

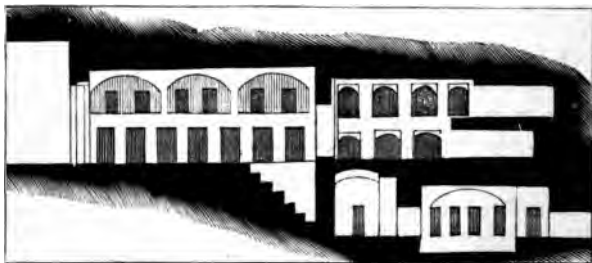


THE Tombs of the Judges, says Dr. Thomson, "are about a mile north-west of those of the kings. The vestibule in front of them is highly ornamented, but after an entirely different pattern from those of the kings. It faces the west, and from it a door leads into a room about twenty feet square and eight feet high. On the north side are seven *loculi*, seven feet deep, perpendicular to the side of the room. Above these are three arched recesses, two feet and a half deep, probably for the reception of sarcophagi. Perpendicular to these recesses, two long *loculi* penetrate the rock from the back part. Doors on the south and east conduct to small rooms, which have three long niches perpendicular to their three sides, the doors occupying the fourth. There is also an arched recess over the *loculi* in these rooms. From the north-east corner of the ante-room a flight of steps goes down into a small vestibule, neatly cut, and ornamented by recesses and a slightly arched roof like a dome. A passage



TOMBS OF THE JUDGES—FRONT VIEW.

leads into another chamber further east, nine feet square and six high, each of whose three sides has an arched recess parallel to it, from the back of which perpendicular



TOMBS OF THE JUDGES—PLAN.

loculi enter into the rock. In some respects this is a more remarkable catacomb than that of the kings. Why the name, Tombs of the Judges, is given, no one can assign any plausible explanation."



XII.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.



NE regrets to disenchant any of the spots which have long stood prominent before the minds of men, yet we fear that that must be done in regard to the Pool of Siloam.

Returning to the east side of the city, we find the intermittent pool and stream of Siloam, or Siloah, which is mentioned in Neh. iii. 15, in Isa. viii. 6, and John ix. 7, 11. It is situated in the immediate proximity of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or rather in it, at the mouth of the Tyropœon, the valley which divided the city into two, but which is now so much filled up with ruins and debris as largely to alter the contour of the space enclosed by the walls. The pool is one of the most attractive spots near Jerusalem, though less so, perhaps, than poetry would persuade us. Its waters are described by some as sweet and copious; by others as slightly brackish, though more at some seasons than at others. They flow from an artificial basin formed under a cliff, and immediately enter a larger

reservoir, 53 feet long, by 18 feet wide, and 19 deep. Steps lead down to the water. The structure is decorated with pillars, supposed to be the remains of a



THE POOL OF SILOAM.

former chapel; and the place is altogether such as indicates the importance of the pool and stream which

"Flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

The water escapes by a channel cut in the rock. Where it is laid bare, the stream is abundant, and is drawn off to irrigate some gardens containing fruit trees of various kinds, which, in their turn, add to the beauty of the place. Around the fountain many plants, nourished by the rare moisture, still further augment that beauty; and the tinkling of the waters as they "go softly," is a sound rarely heard in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Indeed, the fertility of this spot, its gardens and vegetable productions, and the precipitous crags overhanging the whole, together with the sacred associations of the place, render it altogether a scene of grandeur. Some have even

thought that the blended richness and sacredness of this scene, when seen in the light of the Bible, would repay the toil and trouble of a visit to the Holy Land. Add to these its intimate connection with the Redeemer, and Siloam becomes a shrine, where the reverent mind may happily find itself in close proximity with the Unseen and the Eternal.

But it now appears that the first basin in which the waters are received is not the actual fountain-head. It is rather the outlet or terminus of a sinuous, subterranean passage, ascertained to be about 1750 feet in length, and which conveys the water from what is called the "Fountain of the Virgin," in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Dr. Robinson and a fellow-traveller crept through that passage at some personal risk, and thus demonstrated the connection between the two fountains. The opinion may safely be hazarded, that that discovery will be the precursor of many more of a similar kind, regarding the water-supply for the Temple service, and other things in regard to the Jerusalem of the Bible.

We have called Siloam an intermittent fountain ; but the term needs explanation. Dr. Robinson records that he saw the water rise a foot in five minutes, at the Fountain of the Virgin, the feeder of Siloam, and fall again in about the same space of time. An account, which is at least fourteen hundred years old, runs thus : "Siloam is a fountain at the foot of Mount Zion, whose waters do not flow regularly, but on certain days and hours, and issue with a great noise from hollows and caverns in the hardest rock." After a thorough examination of Siloam, Dr. Robinson suggests that the fountain now called the

Virgin's may be the King's Pool of Nehemiah (ii. 14); or Solomon's Pool, mentioned by Josephus; or even Bethesda, mentioned by John. What a storehouse of conjectures has this most 'historical of all cities become! And how satisfied is the soul when it can fall back on the immutable verities connected with the Son—the Sent of God.

At a short distance from the pool stands a sycamore-tree, which is said to mark the spot where Isaiah was martyred; for it is believed that he was sawn asunder there, according to a common interpretation of Paul's allusion in his martyrology, near the end of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Still further along the valley is En-Rogel—at least what is believed to be its modern representative—"the Well of the Spies" (2 Sam. xvii. 17); and now the Well of Job, or Joab. But here also conflicting theories are held, and one cannot wander long, or linger much among the marvels of Jerusalem, without feeling that, however needful for the elucidation of truth, these antiquarian contests are only by a few shades less vexatious than the myths of superstition, or the inventions of a gross and stolid ignorance.

In this neighbourhood, also, upon the portion of Mount Zion which is outside the walls of the city, the burial-place for Christians is now found. But neither traditional nor modern associations need be added to those which already cluster round Siloam, to render it a favourite haunt of the Christian traveller. Thither the Saviour sent the blind man to bathe his eyes, and thence he returned seeing, though no light had ever shone before for him—an emblem this of the better light

which is shed upon the soul. Many a traveller since then has bathed his eyes at that pool, not for miraculous healing, but for a kind of materialized communion with Him who wrought such deeds of mercy there. At that refreshing spot, moreover, we may picture the Saviour himself not seldom lingering, for it was not far from the pathway which led to his favourite home—if he had a home at all—the abode of Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary; and no one can frequent that neighbourhood without feeling that the tie between things earthly and things heavenly becomes closer there, through Him who bridged the gulf which separates man from his God.





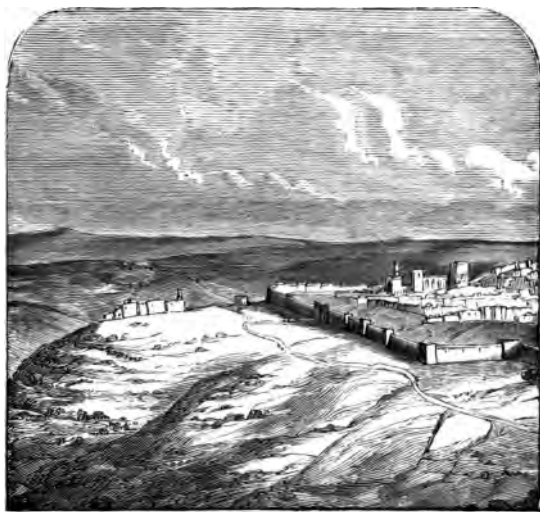
XIII.

MOUNT ZION.



FEW names ever pronounced by the lips of man have given rise to more solemn associations than this. It would be long to tell how David first took this hill from the Jebusites, who had a fortress here, occupied the castle which he had stormed, erected fresh structures, and made it at last the citadel of his capital. It was in some sort the cradle of his empire, as it became the home of its kings.

Mount Zion occupies the south-west corner of the city of Jerusalem. Descending the Valley of Gihon from the north-west, and through the Valley of the son of Hinnom till it opens into that of Jehoshaphat, we have the mount upon our left, with its pendant, the Hill of Ophel, called by Josephus Ophla. Near the corner, at the junction of the two valleys, the sides of the rocks are cut perpendicularly, as if they had at one time served for colossal quarries; and Mount Zion is there about 154 feet above the Valley of Hinnom, where Abaz and



MOUNT ZION.

Manasseh caused their children to pass through the fire ; so that atrocities the most revolting that earth ever saw, and which seem to rival the fiendishness of hell, were perpetrated under the very shadow of that mount concerning which we read, "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." At the junction of the two defiles, the height of the precipice, according to Dr. Robinson, is not less than 300 feet.

But the hill itself is the chief object of interest. So prominent is its place in Scripture, so largely has it been used in revelation, so much of our religion hovers round that elevation, that if we could blot from the Bible the

passages which relate to Zion, the truth would be shorn of many attractions. Upon it the ark of the covenant once found a resting-place. The kings of Judah had their palace there, when it was adorned in a style which we can now scarcely appreciate. Thence went forth the law which was to guide all lands, and the gospel which was to gladden them. David the king made Zion the burden of many a hymn. Prophet after prophet told of its coming glory. That King who was set upon the hill of Zion, and who was to dash in pieces all who resisted his power, derived some portion of his glory from the spot. Nowhere, in short, even in the land called the Holy, do we find more crowding memories, more gladdening lessons than on and around that little hill.

Part of it is now occupied by a mosque; other portions form a ploughed field, according to Micah's prediction (iii. 12); and many a traveller has thence brought away some ears of grain to vegetate and half-hallow some garden in the West. Within the mosque which crowns the summit the tomb of David is said to be found, carefully sequestered from eyes not Moslem, yet penetrated by Western curiosity, and described as tawdry and mean to a degree that is offensive. Suspicion may attach to the tradition in regard to the very spot, but we certainly know that "David slept with his fathers," and "was buried in the city of David," or on Mount Zion. Moreover, Peter said in one of his addresses that "the sepulchre of David was among them to that day." It was thus known for seven hundred or eight hundred years after the great monarch's death, and it seems possible that on this mount, perhaps in this very mosque, the

tomb of David *may* yet be found. When Moslem bigotry shall have relaxed a little, and allowed competent judges to explore the place, questions which are at present insoluble may be solved. Meanwhile, we may be satisfied that on this mount the remains of David found a resting-place; here his body found a home, when his soul, according to his own matchless hymn, went up to dwell "in the house of the Lord for ever." The graves of foreigners, missionaries and others, with at least one Christian church, are now found upon Mount Zion. A Protestant cemetery has at length been secured there—that is, men have taken possession of it for Him who is Judge alike of the quick and the dead, and he will at last assert and establish his claim to all his own. Of the church Dr. Stewart says: "It is chaste and elegant in design, and forms a striking feature on entering the Jaffa Gate. The Consul's house is attached to it, in order to afford it the protection of the British flag."

But besides the tomb of David, Mount Zion is the site of the house said to contain the room in which Christ instituted the sacrament of the supper. It is reputed one of the oldest houses in Jerusalem, and some of those who listen to sentiment rather than to proof, or even probabilities, favour the supposition that this may be the very place where the Saviour said, "Do this in remembrance of me." "The building said to contain the tomb of David," writes a recent traveller, "and also the room in which Christ instituted the last supper, is one of the oldest in Jerusalem, and deserving of much more regard than it has yet received." But when we learn that at first the building was supposed to be that in which the disciples



ENGLISH CHURCH AND CONSULATE.

were alleged to be present on the day of Pentecost; that it afterwards began to be called the Coenaculum, or Last Supper room; and that, moreover, it was said to contain a pillar to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged, as well as other relics, we pass into the region of pure inventions, and gladly fall back on the infallible Informant, illustrated by the general aspect of the spot and the scenes around, which are unquestionably genuine and scriptural. "The story of the Tomb of David is

probably of Mohammedan origin," writes one;—a thousand things in Jerusalem, one may safely say, are of monkish origin, and as mendacious as they are monkish.

On its south-eastern slope, Mount Zion has been extended, and its appearance altered, by stones and rubbish. At some places in the vicinity, remains of the ancient walls are still visible in bevelled stones of prodigious size, pointing, as many think, back to the times of the Herods, or even further still. Some of these, amid the numerous overthrows, have been precipitated in fragments into the valley below—at once fulfilling the Saviour's threat as to the razing of Jerusalem, in spite of the hugeness of its stone defences, and changing the aspect of the valley. Near what is deemed the Tomb of David, an Armenian convent raises its shapeless mass. It is a large, isolated building, and contains the tombs and monuments of the Armenian bishops of Jerusalem. But the stone which closed the sepulchre of the Saviour, when Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, once the timid, but at last the bold, entombed him, is also pointed out here; and at every step across these hills or lanes one is reminded of the treatment which the Word of God has received at the hands of many commentators, critics, and men of every class. Places not a few appear here as sacred as aught that is material can ever be; and these represent the inspired text. But interspersed with these are endless human additions, by which the native attractions of the place are marred; and these represent the vain glosses of many a darkling critic and gloomy chronicler. The written Word stands calm, majestic, and unique, embodying the mind of God: it is what Adolphus

Monod on his death-bed called it—"heaven in words." But man lays his hand upon that Word. To one page he adds; from another he subtracts. Now, he mingles some of his own inventions; anon, he insinuates some deleterious ingredient; and thus too often succeeds in converting the food of the soul into poison. One of the advantages of a visit to Jerusalem is, a deeper conviction than ever of the need of clinging closer and closer to the inspired Word, and confiding in it alone as our guide and our light on the way to eternity. All besides is a lie, or tends to lies.

But something more than even monkish legends may be met with on these mounts. Oriental fancy, wild as that of the "Arabian Nights," still luxuriates here. Jewish workmen, for example, according to an ancient tale, were once digging on Mount Zion. They suddenly opened a vast hall, of magnificent proportions and gorgeous decorations, in which were found the tombs of David and Solomon his son. The enormous riches of these two kings were also found stored up there. But a voice of thunder instantly warned the intruders to retire; a storm of wind drove them from the place; and the hall was closed, never more to be opened. According to another phase of the legend, the coffin of David, unapproachable on account of the glory which encircles it, is hovering somewhere about Mount Zion. Nay, more, some Jews are said to hold that David is himself the Messiah, who is yet to come and reign in a glory of which his first empire was but a type. As all this is gratifying to their wounded spirits, so long chafed and fretted by the lies which they prefer to the truth of God,

such legends are greedily believed; and perhaps the brilliance of such baseless hopes appears the brighter when it is contrasted with the cold and melancholy apartment which is shown as the Coenaculum of the Christian's Messiah.

But though these things only help to obscure the truth a little more, and though God in his holy providence, working through many generations, has thrown down and remodelled not a little, in strict fulfilment of prophecy, Zion still rises as of old, sheer and steep over the neighbouring valleys. Though a considerable part of it is outside the city walls, it may now, as of old, fulfil the requirements of the assurance,—“They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.” On the summit and the slopes of this ridge, superstition, as we have just seen, has amassed many of its poor legends, and if anything could burlesque a scene so solemn, it would be the allegation that the column on which the cock stood which crowed to awaken the dormant conscience of Peter, is still found there!

But in spite of such pretences, less equivocal sights greet us here. Olivet and all its sacred associations are at hand. The brook Kidron is just below. The neighbourhood of Siloam, of the Field of Blood, and a hundred spots far more than classical, are near; while the Holy Hill of Zion, where God set up the Priest upon his throne (Ps. ii., Zech. vi.), rivets our regards, till one longs for the day when its encumbering rubbish, material and moral, shall all be swept away. The promised time *will* come when the Deliverer who came out of

Zion shall be honoured there as well as all round the world.

To acquire a correct idea of this mount, description is not the best method: the ancient advice should be followed,—“Walk about Zion, tell the high towers thereof,” and then comprehend both its commanding position and its infinitely sacred associations. We are to remember that its summit is nearly as high as the highest point of land in England, being about 2200 feet above the level of the sea. We are not to forget what has recently been said,—that to a traveller approaching Jerusalem from the west or the east, it must always have presented the appearance of a mountain-city, beyond any capital of the known world. “The mountain throne”—“the mountain sanctuary”—“the mount of God”—“the mountain which God desireth to dwell in”—“in Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion”—these, and countless other phrases, all tell of the glory of Zion, the “stronghold,” “the hill fort,” “the rocky hold of Jerusalem,” the refuge where first the Jebusite and then the lion of the tribe of Judah stood at bay.

And it is not easy to break away from such a scene. Looking once more over this mount and the natural defences of Jerusalem, one is more and more struck with its proud position as a capital. “The dark vale”—for that is the meaning of the name “Kidron”—“the ravine,” as the first syllable in Gehinnom or Gehenna implies,—and the other natural munitions, give full force to the taunts of the old inhabitants of the place, when David appeared before the walls of Jebus. “Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not

come up hither," was the defiance ; meaning, perhaps, that the blind and the lame were sufficient for the defence of a place so strong. But proceeding far further back in history, through that region and near that town Abraham must have wandered. Jacob in some of his movements must have done the same. Joshua when combating for the actual possession of the promised land ; the Philistines, the Romans, the Persians, the Saracens, Turks, and Crusaders, have all made Jerusalem the centre of mighty operations. Its name means "vision of peace," and yet rarely has peace long prevailed within its walls, or in its neighbourhood. It may point, but it is by contrast, to that other Jerusalem, of which we know that salvation is its bulwarks, and its gates praise.

No doubt, it is a sad pleasure to walk about Zion and gaze on her decay. What has she been ? What is she now ? Exalted near to heaven once, but now brought down to the edge of the pit. Yet the associations connected with her history and her name are perennial still. From day to day for ever, she must suggest some of the most gladdening thoughts that can animate the hearts of men. And more remains to be discovered. In the minds of those who have explored her ruins most carefully the conviction is firm, that under the Temple there exists a fountain of water, and a vast apparatus of galleries, conduits, and channels for diffusing it. The Pool of Siloam and other pools, it is believed, are fed from that central store of water, whether springing up on the spot, or conveyed thither in subterranean aqueducts ; and from this fact there arose in the old Hebrew

mind some of the finest associations of their faith. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High"—"All my fresh springs are in thee"—"Draw water from the wells of salvation,"—these, and similar expressions, it is believed, refer to a great central supply for Temple purgations, and Temple purposes generally. The city of Zion thus becomes inwoven with the thoughts which are recorded to gladden all earnest souls. While we sing her songs, and make the sentiments of David our own, we are helped by figures fetched from the earthly Jerusalem to prepare for that which is heavenly. The fountains of the one become the "river proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" of the other—so that the more we catch the spirit that reigned in some souls in Jerusalem of old, the better are we prepared for the beatitudes of that which is "the mother of us all." But alas! Palestine is a land of ruins, and its ancient capital a city of death. The hands of ruthless men have spread desolation over all, and, like Jesus of old, we cannot but weep over her prostrate glories.





XIV.

THE VALLEY OF GIHON.



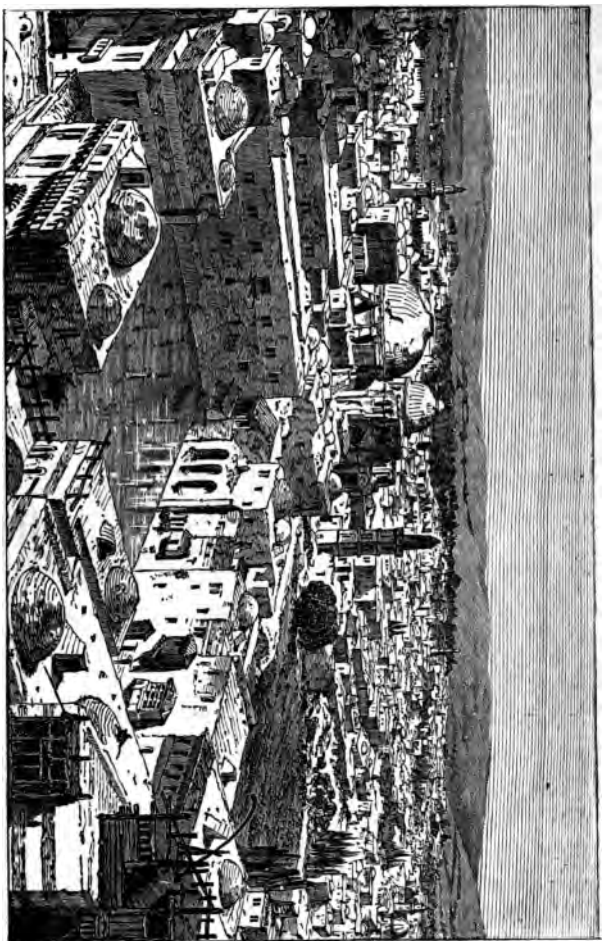
THIS valley stretches north-west and south from the Jaffa Gate. In the former direction it gradually opens up into the adjacent country, and in the latter it passes into the Valley of Hinnom, and so debouches into that of Jehoshaphat. It forms a natural channel for the water that falls or gathers on a portion of the country north and north-west from Jerusalem; and, accordingly, we find in the valley the Upper Pool of Gihon. Its local name is Birket-el-Mammilla, and there is an unwonted concord in regarding this as the reservoir concerning which we read that Hezekiah "stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David" (2 Chron. xxxii. 30). An aqueduct leading from the pool into the city can still be traced at some points, and that is believed to shed light upon the passage just quoted: the king had the water conveyed into the city, instead of allowing it to flow down in its natural channel to the



THE VALLEY OF GIHON.

Valley of Hinnom below. It is supposed by others that the water was conveyed into the city, from springs now unknown, by a subterranean passage, that a besieging army might be ignorant of it. But however these things may be explained by future researches, the reservoir within the city called the Pool of Hezekiah, near the Tower of Hippicus, attests the opinion of former times upon the subject. The concealed spring just referred to, if such there be, is not to be confounded with the Upper Pool, which is dry in summer, and filled only by the rain.

Passing the Jaffa Gate on the left, we enter the lower



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH

segment of the valley, which skirts Mount Zion, and contains the Lower and larger Pool, or Birket-es-Sultan. Like the Upper, it is supplied only by the rain, and most visitors agree to regard it as that to which Isaiah refers (xxii. 9). It occupies the entire breadth of the valley,



THE LOWER POOL OF GIHON.

and is substantially constructed. Dr. Robinson mentions that the Upper Pool of Gihon is 316 feet long from east to west, 200 feet wide at one end, and 218 at the

other, the depth being 18 feet. The Lower Pool is 592 feet in length; its width at the north end is 245 feet, and at the south extremity 275. The depth at the north end is 35 feet, and at the opposite end 42. References to these pools are found in 2 Kings xviii. 17; 2 Chron. xxii. 30; Isa. vii. 3, xxxvi. 2, and elsewhere.

It is below the Lower Pool that the valley contracts into a mere ravine or dell. The steep rocks on the west side are honey-combed by caves excavated as sepulchres. These dwellings of the dead, so peculiarly Eastern, and so numerous in Palestine, are continued down the Valley of Hinnom; and as it opens into that of Jehoshaphat, which is crowded with the graves of many generations of Jews, this whole region appears to be an appropriate cincture for a city so decayed and so melancholy as that which was, and will yet be, a praise in all the earth. Death and its gloom, indeed, appear to be the chief characteristics of the place; and were not the Lord of Life revealed to faith, a walk in Gihon, in Hinnom, or on Mount Zion, would often be a source of sadness inexpressible.

The scenes or spots which have hitherto been described are chiefly such as the nature of the place or the contour of the ground indicates with tolerable precision. The Mount of Olives, the valleys, and other places, no one can ever mistake, whatever scepticism may be evoked by superstition as to the genuineness of certain alleged relics. But some of the places now to be glanced at belong to a different class. They are in part at least—some would say wholly—apocryphal. Only the fact that they are connected with Jerusalem can save them from merited neglect.

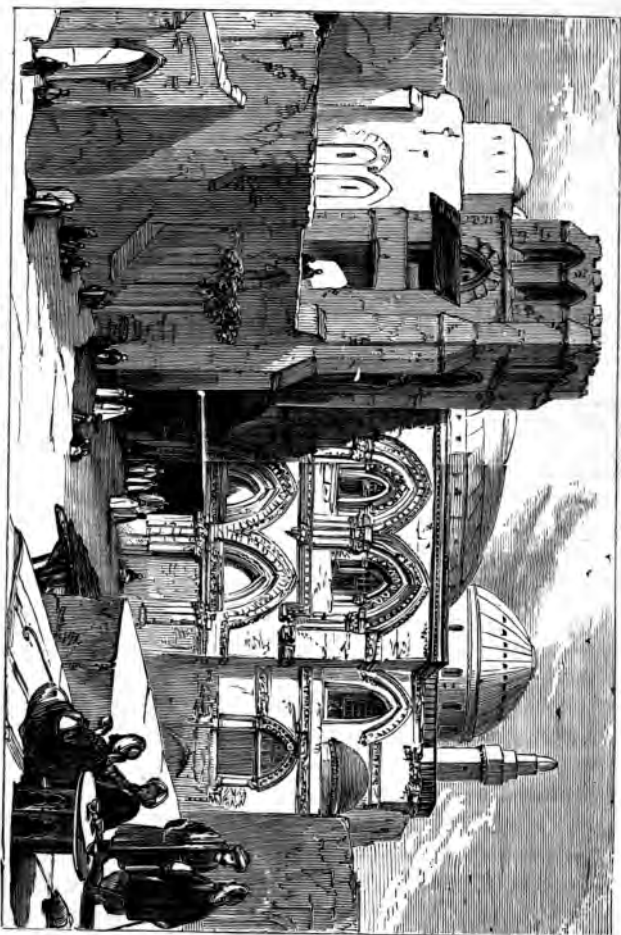


XV.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



THIS is to many one of the most attractive scenes in Jerusalem. Here superstition runs riot; here the impulses of emotion are substituted for the power of truth; and here Satan has his seat—all amid hideous caricatures of the heavenly plan by which the lost are saved. Regarding such spectacles, we cannot but re-echo the sentiments of one who said—"The first tendency of every generous mind, on visiting Jerusalem, is rather to acquiesce, if possible, in the truth of the traditions which fix the site of the sepulchre, than to cavil at a belief so dear to the Christian heart." But we must add—"A revulsion takes place, on beholding the vile indecencies practised by superstitious votaries on the very threshold of the grave which they suppose to have been hallowed by the remains of their Redeemer." The impudent deceptions, the falsehoods which a little child may unmask, the utter antagonism to the records of the Gospel, and the outrages without number offered to common sense, all call



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

upon us to reject, and that without one moment's hesitation, the aggregate of incoherencies and manifest inventions with which credulity is duped. Amid such a labyrinth, it would not be easy to give even a meagre outline of the marvels which are alleged to exist in the Church of the Sepulchre. Its twin domes, its pillars, and its massive but tasteless bulk, all render it prominent among the structures of Jerusalem. Dating from the days of Helena and Constantine, or about the year 325, the church is alleged to contain or to cover all the scenes made memorable by the crucifixion, the entombment, and the resurrection of the Redeemer, as well as much more that is purely fabulous. In spite of common sense and the inspired narrative, all these are compressed into the space of a few square yards, and then superstition runs riot to dupe by its lying wonders.*

The church consists properly of three divisions, of which the first and the largest is that of the Holy Sepulchre proper. The stone on which the crucified body was anointed and prepared for burial is there shown.

* We enumerate only a few of the marvels crowded under this church roof. The catalogue, without one word of argument, convicts the whole mass of imposture:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Stone of Unction. | 11. Part of the Pillar of Flagellation. |
| 2. Tomb of Melchisedek. | 12. Where Christ appeared to his Mother after his Resurrection. |
| 3. Tomb of Adam, and Chapel. | 13. Where the Cross was Recognised. |
| 4. Place where Mary stood when Christ's body was anointed. | 14. Place of Christ's bonds. |
| 5. Chapel of the Angel who announced the Resurrection. | 15. Chapel of the Centurion. |
| 6. The Holy Sepulchre. | 16. Chapel of the Parting of the Garments. |
| 7. Tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. | 17. Chapel of the Mocking. |
| 8. The "Centre of the World." | 18. Chapel of the Penitent Thief. |
| 9. Place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene. | 19. Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. |
| 10. Place where she stood. | 20. Calvary and its details. |



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—INTERIOR.

The rock in which the tomb is alleged to have been excavated has been cut away to a large extent; but the place where the sepulchre was is still to be seen (men say), covered with *verde antique* marble and otherwise adorned, as Superstition well knows to do when com-

mending her inventions for truth. Near the entrance to the place called the Tomb, a block of white marble is shown as the stone on which the angel sat to announce the resurrection; and a crowd of supposed relics are paraded, all, we fear, more veritably worshipped than He to whom they are alleged to refer. Lamps to the number of about two hundred are perpetually burning, and ornaments of the richest kind are heaped upon the structure, forming what even Stanley calls a tattered and incongruous mass.

Adjoining to this store of traditionary imposture is the Church of the Holy



THE TOMB—INTERIOR.

Cross—that is, the cross which is alleged to have been miraculously discovered by the Empress Helena, though

the legend should be blotted from the records of the past as one of the most unmitigated fictions ever palmed upon man for truth; while, at the same time, it is a mockery to be asked to believe it. Among other things, a rent is here shown in the rock, the reputed effect of the earthquake which accompanied the crucifixion.

The third church or chapel is that of Mount Calvary; and there the rent appears again, with the addition of three holes, which are said to mark the spots where the three crosses were erected. This church contains the monuments of some of the Crusaders,—and *these* are realities. But amid the legends of the place, the crowding decorations, and frequently the outrageous scenes which are witnessed among the rival worshippers, with rival legends and rival nationalities to goad them, one is rarely disposed to exercise any faith at all. On the contrary, the effect is often a sudden revulsion of feeling; and alas for man if this were religion! Monks of all nations—Eastern and Western, Latins, Greeks, Abyssinians, Nestorians, Copts, Armenians, Georgians, Maronites, and others—cluster in and around these fabrics; and one has said, “Their songs are heard at all hours, both of the day and the night. The organ of the Latin monks, the cymbals of the Abyssinian, the voice of the Greek caloyer, the prayer of the solitary Armenian, the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately, or at once assail our ears.” The result is not worship, but a confusion like that of Babel; not reverence, or awe, or sacredness, but the burlesque of all that is commonly held to be religion.

And do these brethren all dwell together in unity? Ah, no! for around the supposed centre where the love

of Heaven concentrated all its force, these worshippers have not seldom contended unto blood. Claims put forth by one sect and resisted by another, have led to fierce vituperation. Vituperation has led to blows and wounds, so that the floor which is held sacred has not unfrequently been stained by bloodshed.

Though we do not enter upon the disputed points regarding the sepulchre and its church, every presumption and probability is against its genuineness. If the visitor is pleased to persuade himself that this is the place where the Lord lay and where his feet first pressed our earth after he returned to life, we may not challenge the right to indulge such self-persuasion. But it is utterly impossible to render it probable, nay possible, that all that is said to be contained under that one roof could be compressed into that space, as it is by the superstitions of the place. So wild are these, that they have actually brought under that church roof the spot where Mary stood afar off and witnessed the crucifixion of her Son! We pass from the spot, however, satisfied with the fact that within the precincts of the city somewhere—nay, somewhere *near* this—Jesus died, and rose, and revived, the first-fruits of them that sleep. *That* is certain; but the precise places are at the best matters of doubtful disputation, and, as light dawns upon dark Jerusalem, these legends will gradually die out.

Yet, while shunning the keen controversy, the following very brief outline of the history of this alleged sepulchre and its pendants is submitted, that all may judge for themselves as to the probabilities or presumptions of the case.

The site of the sepulchre, it is assumed, was well known to believers in the early centuries of the faith. According to Jerome, who wrote in the fifth century, a temple was erected upon it by Adrian, the Roman Emperor. Helena, already mentioned, visited the Holy City about the year 325, and was led to the spot where the Lord had lain, by the Christians of Jerusalem. Her son was willing to displace a temple built to Venus by one of his predecessors, by a Christian church; and he and his mother completed that undertaking. When the Pagan shrine was removed, a cavern was found answering in all respects to the description of the tomb of the Redeemer given by the Evangelists; and many persuade themselves that that cave is his true and very sepulchre. True, an ecclesiastical historian of Constantine's time—namely, Eusebius—ascribes the discovery to the Emperor, and not to Helena. True, also, some legends connected with other discoveries of the Empress are so manifestly got up for a purpose, that credulity itself must have some compunction in giving them credit. Not merely the tomb, but the cross of Jesus was found, along with two other crosses—those of the two malefactors; but the Saviour's soon vindicated its supremacy by the miracles which it wrought. The inscription of Pilate, others allege, was the means of detecting the real cross; but miracle or inscription, it is much the same—an impudent fabrication, which has, nevertheless, been credited by willing myriads for fourteen or fifteen hundred years.

But to render the discovery complete, nails were found in the same pit with the cross; and these were, of course, believed to be the nails which had pierced the Victim.

Two were lost, but the other two were wrought, by order of the Empress, into a crown for her son; and hence the famous "iron crown" of Italy is believed to trace its origin up to the crucifixion of the Son of God. The wood of the true cross, again, was scattered in bits far and wide over the world. Enough of it is supposed to exist to build a war-frigate! and the churches which have been founded in its honour, or for its veneration, are made holy by possessing a fragment of the tree. The miracles wrought by its virtue, the charm-like power of every kind which it possessed, it were long indeed to catalogue.

But Chosroes, King of Persia, carried away the relic when he took Jerusalem. Heraclius recovered and restored it with abject superstitions, but with imperial pomp. When the Crusades began, the true cross became the prize and the glory of the zealots, till it was finally lost at the Battle of Hattin, and remained, as the banner of the Christians, in the possession of the victorious Saladin. In spite, however, of all traditions regarding either the sepulchre or the wood of the true cross, we feel somewhat ashamed of dwelling so long upon such baseless fables; for, amid quotations from Cyril, from the Bordeaux Pilgrim, from St. Willibald and others, we still regard the whole as an utter fabrication. Let the traveller visit the Holy City with the Word of God for his guide, and then all that is needed to draw forth reverence the most profound, or confidence the most complete, will be discovered. Beyond that, nearly all is uncertainty; and the man that believes more, believes because he wishes to do so, not because he has a rational basis for his convictions.

It may have been noticed that nothing has yet been said regarding Golgotha; but, in truth, the New Testament contains nearly all that can ever be known concerning it. "The place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull," referred to by Matthew; "the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull," mentioned by Mark; Luke's "place which is called Calvary,"—a word which means in Latin what Golgotha means in Hebrew; and John's "place called of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha," are now utterly unknown. The hillock is believed to have owed its name to its form; but whatever gave rise to the name, the spot has for ever faded away; the place where the Son of God was crucified and slain is unknown, like the grave of Moses. The same remarks apply to many other places called "holy." The mere fact that so many of them are compressed together under one church roof, betokens a hardihood of imposture which would dare any fiction. The Christian has better helps by far than the true cross, or Pilate's inscription, or iron nails—he has the Word and the Spirit of God; and it is because so many have not, or had not these, that multitudes have been the ready dupes of such lying legends.

It is difficult to form any accurate estimate of the riches of this church, or generally of the Orders called "Religious" in Jerusalem. Much that is tawdry and tasteless meets the eye, but a recent author* tells us that he was admitted to inspect the treasures of the Convent of Terra Santa at Jerusalem; and his account reminds us of the descriptions which are given of the glittering sights

* Mr. W. C. Prime

which greeted the eyes of the Spanish invaders of Peru. In the convent just named the treasures of the Holy Sepulchre are secreted, owing to a feud among the religious sects, in which the Greeks challenge the rights of the Latins, and the Latins quarrel among themselves. When visiting the convent, that traveller was led into a remote room, which gave him at first no warning as to the treasures which were at hand. When exposed, however, they amazed him by their gorgeousness. One robe, a gift from a King of Spain, cost 100,000 francs. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Naples were also represented by their gifts; but Napoleon I. overtopped them all. He bolstered up the superstition which he despised, and sometimes trod upon, by a priestly robe said to be worth half a million of francs! Lamps, superbly chased in gold and silver, were pendent from the roof of a closet; and in drawers below them were the jewels of the patriarchate—diamonds, emeralds, and rubies—flashing, as the traveller rather grandiloquently narrates, “upon superb crosiers and heavy rings;” but the narrative should be given at length, and in his own words.

“In one corner of a large room,” he says, “lay a huge pile, which appeared like the corner of a tin-man’s shop; and had not my attention been specially directed to it, I should have thought it a collection of old tin-ware, pans, and leaden water-gutters, spouts, and such chandeliers as I remember to have seen of old in the church at Liberty.....This proved to be a heap of solid silver, more in weight, we believed, than half a ton, consisting of various church ornaments, and especially of huge candelabra, standing even seven feet high from the floor,

wrought in beautiful shapes of the solid metal, and heavier than one man could well lift. Near this, some rough doors, on a temporary closet being opened, disclosed an altar or a shrine of the same white metal, pure, rich, and elegant, more than six feet high, and four in breadth, wrought in Gothic and other forms, and beautifully chased and finished. It was a present from some crowned head in years long past, and has been treasured in a garret chamber of the convent from the day it was received. Whether it will ever see the light, is a question I cannot answer. It may lie there a hundred years, to be seen only by such chance travellers as Father Stephano shall be induced to guide to the treasure-room."

Had the descriptions of this traveller upon some other points been less oratorical, a closer approximation might have been made to the value of all this hidden wealth. But according to his account such are the riches of a Jerusalem convent—riches for which none can be prepared who have marked the nastiness and squalor of many of the monks.

Before leaving the subject of the sepulchre and its church, we may advert to the motley aspect of its precincts at some seasons of the year. The tables of the money-changers in the Temple of old were trivial things compared with this spectacle. In front of the church are found tables spread with coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats, and other refreshments. Pedlers are there, and the venders of holy waters from Bethlehem and elsewhere. Crosses, rosaries, amulets, and shells with scriptural subjects carved upon them, all solicit the regard of the pilgrim. Models of the sepulchre in wood, inlaid with

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mother-of-pearl—drinking-cups made from the deposits of the Jordan, with scriptural legends upon them—and many other articles—are found in the square; while the groups are as variegated and almost as grotesque as Harlequin. Latin, Armenian, Greek, and Coptic friars—Turkish, Arnaout, and Arab soldiers, with languages which outstrip any known polyglot—all attract attention. It is, indeed, the study of the Eastern world, where man can be contemplated in some of his most characteristic aspects. The effect of the whole, however, would be to desecrate the place were there anything sacred about it; and Lord Lindsay was right when he said, *if there be* any sacredness about such places at all, it is not because of their scriptural character, but in consequence of the crowds of earnest though unenlightened men who have in all ages resorted thither. But how many have resorted thither, and so cheated their souls, instead of resorting to the Saviour, and so making sure of life everlasting!

As superstition, then, generally melts away at the touch of Truth, like hoar-frost at sunrise, these “holy places” are now regarded as mere curiosities by many intelligent men. From the days of Dr. Clarke to those of Dr. Robinson, few have credited the clumsy legends, unless they have gone to Jerusalem bent on yielding to emotion, not truth—the devotees of Superstition, not the disciples of God’s Word. The problem which the abettors of such deceptions had to solve was obviously this: Given a certain limited space, it is required to compress into it the events which must have happened over a much wider area;—and that problem was solved at the expense

of scriptural history and true religion. At the same time the Church of the Sepulchre should be visited by all whose "feet stand within Jerusalem." There are lessons to be learned there concerning man's willingness to be duped, and the power of false religion, which are not so easily learned amid any other scenes. One intelligent traveller said, as he gazed on these sights—"We seemed to realize it as a fact that we were literally in 'Sodom, where the Lord was crucified.'" No doubt, men with certain ecclesiastical leanings would admire the apparent union of all sects here, as they seem to meet and to blend around this spot deemed sacred, and there appear to venerate the one Lord, though he was neither crucified nor buried here. But no real good can flow from a congeries of falsehoods—from figment heaped on figment till the mass be at once ridiculous and offensive; and the scenes not seldom witnessed around that reputed sepulchre are precisely what might be expected to flow from these numerous and many-coloured errors—the shame of Christendom, were such things Christian. This much, however, is certain: the time will come when what is here beheld in mocking caricature will be witnessed in living reality, and when brethren shall indeed dwell in unity, as they live by faith.

Though reluctant to linger longer upon such a subject, there is one heinous offence, not only against pure religion, but against common decency, annually perpetrated in this church, which should not be passed over in silence. We allude to the crowning imposture of the Greek fire. It is meant to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and superstition seems to cul-

minate in this appalling deception. It is annually wrought in the pretended sepulchre. Frantic crowds roam and rave through the church; and on the Saturday of Easter week, according to the Greek computation, amid processions and pomps which are themselves an insult to the truth, preparations are made for the juggle. "The Bishop of the Fire" enters the sepulchre, and then the crisis hour soon arrives. The worshippers wait in breathless anxiety, and sometimes with no common symptoms of impatience, till a flashing light within proclaims that the miracle has been wrought—the deception is complete—fire has come from heaven! Forward rush the impassioned devotees to light their candles at the holy flame; and in that rush many perish. On one occasion four hundred fell under the bayonets of a guard of Turks, who attended to preserve something like order. But the whole scene and all its accompaniments are so revolting that one gladly escapes from the mere recital. It seems as if Satan were here doing his utmost to stamp out the truth.





XVI

THE VIA DOLOROSA.



THIS is a street in Jerusalem well known to the traditions, but utterly unknown to true history—crowded with relics, and myths, and fictions, but withal unworthy of notice, were it not as illustrating the spirit which now reigns among the people called Christians at Jerusalem. According to some, the Via Dolorosa is first mentioned in the fourteenth century, and is meant to represent some of the more remarkable events connected with the crucifixion, or the Saviour's procession from the Judgment Hall to the Cross. Along this way, tradition alleges, the Saviour then walked, and at different places or "Stations"—fourteen in number—his sufferings are represented: for example, his falling under the cross, and similar incidents real or invented. At one place an arch crosses the street, called the Arch of the *Ecce Homo*; for there, according to the legend, Pilate united with the Jews in mocking the Saviour, exclaiming, "Behold the man!" At another place where the Sufferer fell, his



THE VIA DOLOROSA.

shoulder, or the beam of the cross, left an impression on the wall which remains to this day! And so, through an absolute plethora of fictions. The houses in the street are comparatively modern. Intelligent men at once give up the whole as a huge fabrication; though others are

found who contend for the authenticity of all the fourteen Stations. But the Churches which substitute Bacchanalian orgies for worship, and such appalling impostures as that of the Greek fire for miracles, may well deem all other impostures trivial.

Yet, were it only to show more clearly under what masses of moral rubbish mind is crushed in Jerusalem, it were well, perhaps, to submit some more exact account of this "Way of Grief"—this model of man's walk through life. It consists of portions of several streets; and parallel with it is another narrow path, which Mary, the mother, is supposed to have travelled while the Son was in the broader one. The Via proper commences in the street which leads up from the Gate of St. Stephen, on the east side of the city, and not far from the spot believed to have been occupied by the Tower of Antonia. Pilate's house or the Judgment Hall is there pointed out. Close to the spot where Jesus fell for the first time is another where he exclaimed, "Hail, mother!"—and round that poor invention superstitions cluster with amazing fondness: it is a kind of basis for the Ave Maria of the Papacy. Next, at a slight curve in the street which leads from the Damascus Gate, Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to carry the cross; and though He was thus relieved, the Saviour there sank exhausted once more. Then, near this point, the house of Lazarus is shown; at a short distance, that of Dives: the one as well lodged—there, at least—as the other. Soon thereafter men point out the abode of Veronica, who gave the Saviour her handkerchief to wipe his brow; which he returned stamped with his image—an image which is

now worshipped in St. Peter's at Rome (and perhaps a hundred other places) with a veneration which multitudes do not show to the Redeemer himself: and those who have seen cardinal, bishop, priest, and people prostrate before that sham relic, can understand the dark depths into which the forgeries of former generations have thrust down the mind of the present. From that *Via Dolorosa*, the "Stations"—a Papal rite of marvellous efficacy—has spread far and wide. It may be witnessed in the arena of the Coliseum and elsewhere in Italy, everywhere depressing men lower and lower, and rivetting the chains which superstition has wreathed round the soul.

In the same neighbourhood in Jerusalem, the alleged home of Mary, the mother of Jesus, is shown: the place of her death is also pointed out. The Coenaculum has been already noticed. But all these, and a thousand more, are to be swept away without a moment's hesitation. An English visitor when traversing Jerusalem was shown a house in which he was told Napoleon Bonaparte had dwelt. In reply to the question, When? he was assured that it was "in the time of our Lord!" And that information was just as veracious as much that is current in Jerusalem.

It is well that a believer's hopes repose upon a better foundation than such legends supply, else the glaring and clumsy figments of the Holy City would make infidels of all thinking men. Such impostures are too solemn to be ridiculous, and yet too absurd not to be spurned away. "Enough of these absurdities!" exclaims one. "Enough for the present of these scenes of fraud, folly, and shame!"

exclaims another. And though the Christian visitor may extract good even from them, the first impression is one of pain.

Extract good! How? How extract good from falsehood? How derive any benefit from what may well make thinking men ashamed? Is it not good to be able to test such things by the Great Guide-Book? to find our religion *there*, not here? to sit in sober judgment upon all that lies outside that volume, and say, "I know in whom I have believed"? That is our prerogative as soon as we understand the Bible, and commit the mind to the guidance of its truth. It judges all things, but is itself judged of no man. It is high above the highest; and it is good to have that fact pressed upon our notice, as it often is in the streets alike of Jerusalem and of Rome. What revolutions would follow the ascendancy of that Book in either of these cities! What lies would vanish away!





XVII.

THE WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS.



THIS place is no fictitious Way of Dolor—it is a real one—it is one of the most touching scenes in Jerusalem. The Jews are here permitted to purchase the right of lamenting over the long desolations of their city, in sight of some of the remnants of its former grandeur—a portion, it is believed, of the ancient Temple court. The spot lies on the western exterior of the area which surrounds the Great Mosque, and is approached only by a crooked lane, which terminates at a wall in a very contracted space. The lower part of that wall is composed of stones which are believed to have formed part of Ancient Jerusalem; and in sight of these the people, to whom the very dust of Zion is dear, assemble to wail and to pray. “Two old men, Jews,” writes Dr. Robinson, referring to his visit to the place, “sat there upon the ground, reading together in a book of *Hebrew* prayers. On Friday they assemble here in *great* numbers. It is the nearest point to which they



THE WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS.

can venture to approach their ancient Temple ; and, fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here,

bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."

Some who have visited this place—consecrated at once by grief, by long centuries, and most dreary memories—have described the scene in very touching terms. Men, women, and children, of all ages—from little infants up to patriarchs of fourscore—crowd the narrow enclosure, which is only about seventy feet long by perhaps twenty broad. "The scene," exclaims a traveller at least as fervid as judicious—"the scene was one not to be witnessed elsewhere on all the earth: the children of Abraham approaching as nearly as they dared to the holy of holies, and murmuring, in low voices of hushed grief and in sobs of anguish, their prayers to the great God of Jacob. Some kissed the rocky wall with fervent lips; some knelt and pressed their foreheads to it; some prayed in silent, speechless grief, while tears fell like rain-drops before them."—Some may suppose the scene to be over-described; yet who will not sympathize with the down-trodden children of Israel in the city of their fathers? The majesty of their grief demands respect from every human heart. Yet is there not a remedy? Has it not been said that neither on Gerizim nor at Jerusalem are men to worship God, as a local God, any more? Nay, they are to worship him everywhere, and always in spirit and in truth, or he is not worshipped at all. And need we wonder, even while we may profoundly sympathize, when truth discarded ends in woe endured? *when God resisted ends in sorrow crowding upon sorrow?*

But, passing from this view, the practice here referred to is at least seven centuries old. It is said to have continued from the twelfth century, and perhaps from a still earlier period. Driven from the city by the Emperor Adrian, and permitted by Constantine to approach near enough only to behold it from the nearest hills, the Jews were at length suffered to enter it on a certain day of each year, and to purchase an immunity from Roman soldiers to weep as they do still over their prostrate glories. Strange, but instructive, that even such sorrow could not teach them "the wisdom which cometh from above"! Surely in every aspect, and at every stage in the Jewish history, we read a comment on many a portion of the Word, when we see that the nation once the most favoured is now the most sorely tried.

But where do these woe-worn Jews reside in Jerusalem? Are they on a level with the rest of the inhabitants? Their yearnings for the Holy Land are indescribable. "The air of that land makes a man wise."—"He who walks four cubits in the Land of Israel is sure of being a son of the life to come."—"The great wise men are wont to kiss the borders of the Holy Land, to embrace its ruins, and roll themselves in its dust."—"The sin of all those is forgiven who inhabit the Land of Israel."—These are some Hebrew sayings, which indicate the passion of the nation for the land of their fathers—blind, like other passions, but strong. What, then, is the condition of those Jews who dwell in Jerusalem?

It is abject and forlorn. They inhabit a portion of *the city on the south, between the base of Mount Zion*

and the Mosque of Omar, called Harat-el-Youd. The men, deemed by some "the aristocracy of all the earth," as they are indeed beloved for the fathers' sake, appear in their ancient capital under a somewhat different aspect from that of their nation in other lands. Their number is variously estimated at from 3000 to 11,000 souls—the first too low, and the second too high. They have fourteen places of worship, which they call synagogues; but most of these are as poor as the worshippers themselves. The service there, as elsewhere, has little of the aspect of devotion; and though the floors of these synagogues are sunk below the level of the ground, to indicate, it is said, the lowly condition of the tribes, the effects of their sorrow do not appear in earnest worship. One hears no cry like that of Asaph of old, "O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever?" (Ps. lxxiv 1.) No longer, for the most part, in circumstances for displaying their avarice, or exercising their talent for over-reaching and amassing, they here groan under all the ills of poverty. They are not merely hated and reviled—they are paupers, at once an afflicted and a poor people, clinging to the skeleton of former greatness, but expecting little rest now, till they find it in the grave. They are supported by the contributions of their brethren far and near; and were "the tribes of the weary foot" not reserved for some high destiny, their condition in Jerusalem would help to wear them out. They resort to it, however, to study the Talmud there, and then to lay their bones among those of their fathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. *Zionward* the heart of every earnest Jew tends by a law apparently as universal as that of gravitation; but read,

in conclusion, what one has written regarding this passion :—

“No clime can change,” he says, “no condition quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day’s journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with dust sprinkled on his head he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home, after long absence, with more yearnings of affection; no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral towers and lordly halls, when they had become another’s, with greater sorrow than wrings the heart of the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem.”—The Bloody Mary said, upon her death-bed, that when she died the name of Calais would be found written on her heart; and the saying is true in spirit regarding the Jews and Jerusalem. The further we see into the history of these monumental people, two things more and more vividly impress the mind: first, that the Word of God is his indeed, and dictated by one who saw the end from the beginning; secondly, some grand future yet awaits the tribes, who find their meetest emblem in the bush burning but not consumed.





XVIII.

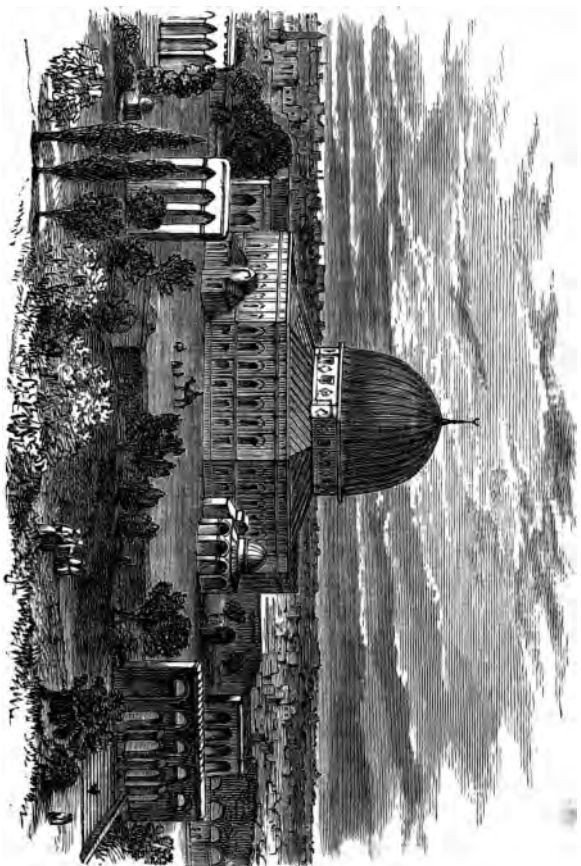
THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.



THIS is by far the most magnificent of all the buildings in Modern Jerusalem. Whether as it is seen from the summit of Olivet, or as examined in detail, as far as Christians are permitted to examine it at all, it is of exceeding beauty; and could we forget that it crowns Mount Moriah, that it superseded the Temple of the true God there, and is, next to Mecca, the stronghold of the Mohammedan imposture, our satisfaction at the sight would be nearly all that such things can supply.

As in the case of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Christian rival of the Mosque, we need not enter into any very minute or detailed description. A mere outline is all that need be attempted.

In the year 636, the Mohammedans, under Omar, took possession of Jerusalem, and the Caliph determined to build a mosque on the site of the Temple. It was done, and some suppose that the present fabric is that which he erected. Others, however, allege that it was begun in



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

the year 680, and completed in 687. During the Crusades, the building changed masters as the city itself did. In 1187, when Saladin retook Jerusalem, the Crescent again supplanted the Cross. That champion of Islam took part in person in the ceremony of purifying the place; and from that day to this the Mosque has been in the hands of the Mohammedans.

It is with no common feelings that one contemplates this pile, which is really graceful, at least as seen from a distance. The associations connected with its site are rivetting. There the offering of Isaac virtually took place. There David would have built, and there Solomon did build, a house to the Lord. There the daily sacrifice and thousands of others were offered. There was the Salem of Melchizedek, the threshing-floor of Araannah the Jebusite, as well as the Temple of the most high God; and though the Mesjid-el-Aksa and other buildings have supplanted all these, their beauty has reconciled some of the devotees of art to the change. The Mosque is an octagon of 67 feet on each side. The walls are constructed of diversely-coloured marbles, rising 46 feet from the ground, and there supporting a circular wall which rises about 25 feet further. Upon this the dome is reared, about 40 feet higher still; so that the height from the basement to the summit of the dome is about 110 feet. Inscriptions, in a sort of porcelain mosaic, encircle the walls, and the effect of the whole is imposing in the distance.

The rock which gives one of its names to this structure, or Kubbet-es-Sakhrah, "the Dome of the Rock," is loaded with rival traditions. It stands out in the centre

of the building, in the marked deformity of a huge mass of Jerusalem limestone, surrounded by an iron railing, and canopied with cloth; and though the whole is now trodden down of the Gentiles, yet, as no doubt can exist that this is really a portion of Mount Moriah, it possesses all the interest which can attach to a spot so historical. Superstition, indeed, may actually have adored it, as the poor demi-savage of the jungle adores the stone to which he daily prays for protection against his neighbour the tiger; but still it is a bit of Mount Moriah—that much, at least, seems veritable fact. The rock is about six feet above the floor of the Mosque, of an irregular shape, about fifty feet long by forty broad. The interior decorations of the structure are said to be gorgeous, and some portions are so antique in appearance that many, without hesitation, aver that they are fragments of the Temple itself. Underneath the building there is a crypt, which some deem the holy of holies; but Christendom is not unlikely to be ere long surprised by discoveries made in the under-ground world at the site of the ancient Temple.

Here also, however, we must have tradition and legend. The rock just mentioned is believed to hang in air, about seven feet above the ground, supported by no wall; in short, its position is the result of a perpetual miracle, and the origin of that wonder is as follows:—Mohammed had occasion to rest on this rock. He rode from Mecca to Jerusalem in a single night, and after resting at this spot he started for Heaven, commanding the enamoured rock, which was about to follow him, to remain suspended *where it had begun its flight*. It is just such an impos-

ture as is practised by all the false systems, Islam, Hindnism, Popery, and others, from day to day.

Some allege that the Mosque contains the ark of the covenant. The stone which formed the pillow of Jacob, that on which the angel stood when about to destroy the city (2 Sam. xxiv. 16), and other relics, are also said to be there; and the Jews, in consequence, still make this the centre of their hopes. The Mosque itself is second only to that at Cordova in Spain; and its enclosures, its olive, orange, and cypress trees, its reservoirs and fountains, with its inlayings, beautiful but hastening to decay, are all loudly eulogized. The seat on which Mohammed is to sit to judge the world (a fragment of a broken column) is there, besides many antiquities, crypts, and vaults, which are punctiliously kept from Christian inspection. In recent times, however, some have been admitted—Richardson, in 1818, Benomi, Catherwood, and Arundale, in 1833, and increasing numbers in more recent times. By the help of these explorations the antiquities of the Temple become better and better understood; but the chief conviction that rises in the mind at such disclosures is, that they betoken the advent, slow it may be, and distant yet, of that day when the abomination shall be swept from the spot, and when He whose right it is to rule shall take possession of all his own.*

* In exploring at no little peril, and with enthusiastic pains, the crypts and recesses below the Mosque, Dr. Barclay discovered, among other things, a prodigious tank or cistern, about seven hundred and fifty feet in circuit—a depôt of water for the Temple service, and supplied, it is believed, by the water brought from Solomon's Pools by the aqueduct which passes Bethlehem, and is found to disappear beneath a wall beside the Haram, or Mosque enclosure.—*City of the Great King.*



XIX.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.



NEAR the Gate of St. Stephen, on the east side of the city, we find what some regard as the Pool of Bethesda, though others are sceptical as to the propriety of the name. The evangelist John records that there was "at Jerusalem, by the sheep market [or gate], a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches" (chap. v. 2). These porches were designed for the accommodation of the sick who resorted thither on account of the healing power of the water as described by John. The place now called the Pool is a large reservoir outside of the enclosure round the Temple mount, but it has been dry for two hundred years and more. The east end of the basin is close to St. Stephen's Gate, and the whole measures 300 feet in length by 130 in width, and 75 feet in depth, exclusive of the rubbish heaped up in the course of ages. The sides are faced with stones and plaster, and some arched vaults at the western extremity appear to connect the place with the porches mentioned by the

evangelist, though many doubts are suggested by an examination of the spot.

But we need not enter far into the antiquarian inquiries raised by this subject, nor detail the different suggestions in regard to Bethesda. While some argue keenly for this spot, others suggest the Fountain of the Virgin as that pool, while another class prefer for Bethesda the Birket-el-Hejjeh, a little outside the city walls to the north of St. Stephen's Gate. But whichever of these places shall eventually be found to be the true Bethesda, it may suffice to say that the place which at present bears that name is probably part of the trench dug near the Fortress of Antonia to render it impregnable, as Josephus has described. We must again, therefore, be contented with knowing the fact that *near this*, at least, the great Wonder Worker performed one of his deeds of mercy, and liberated a son of Abraham who had been bound by disease for eight and thirty years (John v. 2-9). If the conjectures which connect the present Bethesda with the Temple walls ever be authenticated, that will simplify the question. Meanwhile it is "a joy for ever," that He who wrought that cure eighteen centuries ago and more is still doing greater things for the sons and the daughters of sorrow—even healing all their diseases, and redeeming their lives from destruction.

In these brief sketches of the City of the Great King, its ruins and its sadness, we have seen again and again how the whole place is overlaid by legends, and we can easily discover a final cause why it should be so. The *builders* of Babel, in their ambitious projects, were

baffled by "God only wise," when their speech was confounded, and their plans turned into foolishness. With equal wisdom he has hid from men what was sure to minister to their native idolatry. Little, indeed, is known of the spots consecrated by the Redeemer's presence. Except in a general sense, nearly every one of them is an arena for debate and nothing more. Superstition must be both abject and rampant ere it can credit the traditions. Men *have* become idolaters; for the doings and the creed of many in Jerusalem are as certainly idolatrous as the worship of any heathen god can be. Withal, however, God has in his holy providence so ruled all that he will be clear when he judges men for these idolatries. He has concealed; they have pretended to discover, but have only "sought out many inventions." They are mad upon their idols. Their voracity for lying wonders is unutterable; and for all these, sin lies at their door. How blessed they who have fled to the Deliverer who came out of Zion—who rise from the Jerusalem of the cross to the Jerusalem of the crown—who have sat down at the feet of Him who is the Truth—or who have followed him, and refused to follow a stranger!





XX.

JERUSALEM UNDER-GROUND.



Tis well known that many tombs are excavated in the solid rock around Jerusalem, and several of these have been already noticed. Under many of the houses also, or in connection with them, water-tanks are found, some of them large and capacious; and excavations in the rock, or underground structures, are rife in the Sacred City. Recent years, however, have brought to light a vast subterranean quarry, which is certainly one of the marvels of the place, and no account of Jerusalem can now omit a description of the monster crypt.

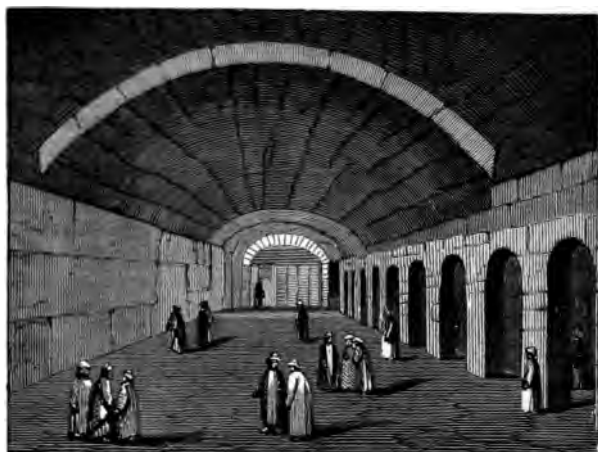
The only entrance yet used is by an opening not far from the Damascus Gate, and close by the city wall. It is blocked up by stones and rubbish, but, these removed, access is obtained by a narrow passage, into which the visitor must creep and struggle forward as best he may. The descent from the end of the passage is some feet in depth, and then the floor of the cave is reached. All is *rock*, above, below, around; and the scene, as beheld in

the only light that is available, namely, that which is carried in the hand of the explorer, is one of the most remarkable about Jerusalem. The floor is uneven, and walking somewhat perilous. At some points water dripping from the ceiling forms stalactites, with their counterpart stalagmites, as may easily be supposed in a limestone region. The conviction of every visitor seems to be that this is some primeval cave expanded into a quarry, where some of the stones are still *in situ*, partly cut from the rock, with the marks of the workman's hammer still fresh upon them. Others are ready to be removed, and piles of chips and rubbish indicate beyond a question what the purpose of the excavation was. Its proximity to Moriah suggests the thought that it might be the quarry which supplied stones for the Temple—that house which is described as being built “so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.” Should this conjecture ever be authenticated, the coincidence would be one of the most remarkable yet detected in the Holy Land, teeming as it is with such apt collocations.

There are side galleries diverging from the main cave, which have not yet been fully explored; and, when these are all examined, more may be known of this excavation. Some have penetrated to the distance of about seven hundred and fifty feet from the entrance. Others give different estimates of the extent of the cavern; but at present we must wait for light.

Under El-Aksa, too, a mosque within the Haram enclosure, there are “vaults, columns, gateways, and mysterious passages.” Dr. Thomson, in “The Land and the Book,”

says: "The main vaults now accessible are beneath the south-eastern corner of the area. The piers which sustain the most eastern group are arranged in lines running from south to north, parallel to the outside wall of the Haram. There are fifteen rows, at very unequal distances, ranging from about six to twenty-three feet apart. And so also



VAULTS UNDER EL-AKSA.

the length of the lines is very different. Those which extend furthest northward may reach two hundred feet, while the shortest terminate at the solid rock in less than forty feet. The piers are built of blocks about four feet square more or less, rudely *bevelled*, and laid up somewhat carelessly. This group of piers and vaults is succeeded by another further west, similar to it, but less

every way, and they extend to the substructions beneath El-Aksa. No one can examine them for an hour without being convinced that the pillars are made out of older ruins, and that the vaults spread over them are comparatively modern. There are many remains, however, extremely ancient, particularly near the south-east corner."

It is known from history that there were deep hiding-places under the city of old, and further exploration may tell us more upon the subject. Meanwhile, we may remark that all things in that land—in the sky above it, and in the deep caverns beneath—point in the direction of the truth of Scripture. We are not prepared to say more than that it is probable that stones for Solomon's Temple may have been taken from the quarry we have described; and if so, how luminous does the narrative become of the noiseless progress of that erection! Like the excavations of Nineveh and Shushan, shedding light on some dark places of Scripture, these deep recesses give *versimilitude*, even from the natural or material side, to the sacred narrative; while the spiritual aspects of the truth become brighter and more *beauteous* than ever.





XXI.

CONCLUSION.



AND thus do we close a glance at some of the peculiar attractions of the City of David.—The ruins of Ba'albec are a great mystery. Who built those noble piles? For what were they designed? Ten antiquaries would perhaps give ten different replies. And Palmyra, by the vastness, though not by the taste of its remains, surpasses even Ba'albec. Petra, Pæstum, Athens, Rome, Baiæ, and a hundred other scenes, all appeal to our pity, and touch our hearts. But for Jerusalem we can only, like her own captives of old, hang the harp upon the willows and weep; or, like her king, “cry out of the depths” on her behalf.

Wherever we gaze in Jerusalem, the eye rests on desolation—the very Mosque is the abomination of desolation. The city seems clothed with a pall; and yet to it and its sacred scenes we are attracted as if by a spell. We *cannot* venture to predict what is to occur in the course of *ages*, or tell what may be the effects of those tenden-

cies which are still carrying men literally in ship-loads to Palestine, and its capital. But this is certain: from year to year, the prostrate city is becoming better known, and more attractive to the Western nations. The truth as it is in Jesus has made some progress, though, for obvious reasons, not much; and if the relaxation of Moslem fanaticism lately granted by the Sultan be carried out in good faith, we or our children may yet see marvellous things in Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

Meanwhile, and in conclusion, we observe, that a visit to the Land of Promise, so long the land of griefs and of oppressions, furnishes a thousand proofs and confirmations of the Bible. It is, indeed, a second Bible, all responsive to the first. Some have been afraid to visit that land, lest the halo of glory which environs the Saviour should be dimmed by familiarity there, should lose its power by proximity, and leave the mind in doubt. To walk the streets which Jesus walked—to climb the hill which Jesus often climbed—to look up to the same stars from the same spot where Jesus beheld them—to wander by the Jordan, or dwell at Nazareth, or sail on Gennesaret—to sojourn at Bethany, or walk to Bethlehem,—might not these tend to dissipate what is celestial in our associations with the Blessed? Some have thought so, but the reality has been different from the fear. The truth of God has stood out in more vivid prominence—it has seemed more and more his truth amid the sights and scenes of his favoured land. Buttress after buttress was discovered, which fortified the faith of those who had faith at all; and though he told the truth ~~who~~ said so sadly—

"We roam by Jordan's sacred tide,
And weep by ruins gray ;
For who would care his tears to hide
Near Judah's sad decay ?"

the whole is still a grand demonstration that God is in the Bible of a truth. It is thus the best guide-book to the Holy Land, as the Holy Land is one of the best commentaries upon it.





APPENDIX.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN JERUSALEM.*

THE sanitary condition of Jerusalem attracted considerable attention in England about the beginning of the year 1864. From having been "the joy of the whole earth," and everywhere renowned for its grace and purity, it had become singularly unhealthy; disease and death ran riot in its streets. The principal reasons for a change so surprising were said to be, the unwholesomeness of the water, and the obstruction caused by the mass of ruin and refuse which for centuries had accumulated within its walls. To deal with the latter evil seemed hardly possible even to the most sanguine philanthropist; the former was not so difficult to remedy. The first requisite, however, was a careful and detailed plan of the city, showing the sites of its cisterns and aqueducts; and to obtain this plan, to defray the expenses that would necessarily be connected with it, Miss Burdett Coutts—a lady widely known for her munificence—placed a sum of £500 in the hands of a committee of gentlemen whom study or travel had interested in the Holy City.

These gentlemen were fortunate enough to secure the services, gratuitously rendered, of a very able officer of the Royal Engineers, Captain Wilson; and, at the head of a small band of five assistants, also of the Royal Engineers, he left Southampton on the 12th of September 1864, and arrived at Jerusalem on the 3rd of October. Almost immediately afterwards he commenced his survey, and in the course of it he made some tentative excavations among the ruins.

* Abridged from "The Recovery of Jerusalem: A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land" (London: Bentley. 1871).

which proved unexpectedly interesting; so interesting, indeed, that when the results became known, and the preliminary survey was concluded, the committee resolved to undertake the exploration of what we may call Underground Jerusalem as a special enterprise. An appeal, not too liberally answered, was made to the British public for funds, and a sufficient amount having been raised for the commencement of operations, Captain Warren, R.E., was engaged to superintend them. Accompanied by Corporal Phillips, photographer; Corporal Birtles, in charge of excavations; and Corporal Hancock, sent out to complete the Ordnance Survey, he reached Jerusalem on the 17th of February 1867, and, like his predecessor, set to work without a moment's unnecessary delay. But he had many difficulties to conquer, originating in the ignorance, bigotry, or inertia of the Turkish authorities; and it was June before the excavations really commenced. When commenced, no very considerable progress was made; the authorities were constantly interposing obstacles; and the year passed away without adding anything of importance to our knowledge of Ancient Jerusalem. Far different, however, was the result of the work of the following years, though Captain Warren and his companions had constant occasion for the exercise of their diplomatic ability in dealing with the Turks. In fact, the personal narrative of the expedition is full of interest; but the limited space at our disposal renders it necessary for us to confine ourselves to a brief statement of the operations carried on and the discoveries made.

The method of mining adopted was this:—

The "shaft" was simply a square pit sunk in the ground, from fifty to a hundred feet in depth, and fenced inside with wood, to keep the earth from falling in. The mining cases were called "boxes" by the fellahin; and boxes they were, but without top or bottom; boxes made of two or three inch planks, twelve inches wide. Each consisted of four pieces, the two side pieces having tenons at either end, and the two end pieces with corresponding mortices.

"In commencing a shaft, we generally found good mould," says Captain Warren, "for the first four feet, and through this we cut, and put in the four cases, commencing from the bottom; but below this we had to put in each case as we went down, first cutting away for one end, and then for the other end; then for one side, and, finally, the other side keyed them together. The soil was then jammed in behind the side last fixed; but it was a difficult matter, as we could not afford to cut any portion of the wood away from

the cases, so as to let the hand through, for fear of weakening them."

If the soil were very loose, the explorers had to drive in wooden forks, to prevent the mass from slipping; but even this precaution was not always sufficient; and if the fellahin were left an hour or two by themselves, Captain Warren, on his return, found a cavity large enough to engulf an ox. Other incidents occurred which made the work sufficiently exciting. As, for instance:—

A shaft was being sunk down alongside the corner of an old wall. After passing its foundation, they continued to sink for thirty feet, until, coming on hard rock, they drove galleries in two directions. A third was begun, and apparently was proceeding very successfully, so that no constant superintendence was maintained over the workmen.

"I was summoned urgently one morning to the place," says Captain Warren, "and, on descending, found that our shaft had no earth on two of its sides, from the rock upwards to the foundations of the corner, which were sticking out over a great void quite as large as the shaft itself. The soil we were working through had been very wet on this side (there had been some old shaft, I suppose), and the stuff had gradually all come down in the shape of mud into the gallery the men were working in, without being observed by them, and had been carried up. It was of vital importance to our work that there should be no subsidence of any old wall, and so the only thing to be done was to fill this place up as fast as we could. Accordingly, the fellahin were bundled out, and Sergeant Birtles and I proceeded to tamp up the branch galleries, while every thud of earth let down to us shook small pieces from the foundations, which rattled over our heads with an ominous noise. But as long as we were in those galleries we were comparatively safe, for had the smash come we should probably have been only shut in, and might have starved on until we were dug out; but when they were tamped up, and we were in the shaft itself, it was a very ugly job, for we had to break open the side of the shaft, and throw earth and stones into the cavity, while each basketful thrown in, though helping to fill it up, made the trembling foundation more and more unsafe; and all the time, through the opening we had made, stones and rubbish kept flying in upon us from above, taking away our breath, blowing out the light, and giving us an idea how something larger would come down. We were battling against time; gradually we found ourselves mounting up the thirty

feet, until after five hours of it we were able safely to underjoin the old wall, and feel that we had once more stolen a march upon accidents."

The tools employed consisted of a small pickaxe, mattock, and basket, and a spalling hammer. Captain Warren had with him levers, handspikes, and other implements, but these the Arabs could not be taught to use with safety. Some deficiency of muscular development in the arm seems also to prevent the fellahin from driving a wheelbarrow in a "decent manner." The workmen engaged came mostly from Siloam and Niphtoa, villages near Jerusalem, and some Nubians were also employed. Jewish labourers were found unable to execute the hard work required of them.

Such was the *modus operandi* adopted, and very firmly and energetically carried out by Captain Warren; let us now endeavour to sum up the results which it achieved. It may be said that these are rather negative than positive, that they have dispelled certain traditional errors rather than brought out new facts; but, at all events, they are of sufficient importance to encourage further explorations, and we trust that for these explorations the Christian public will supply the funds on a liberal scale.

With reference to the Temple area, however, the following facts seem to be established:—

That the winding aqueduct which supplied the priests and their attendants with water was cut in the solid rock.

That Solomon's Palace was connected with the Temple by a bridge across the Tyropean valley, and that a communication also existed between the palace and the lower city.

That when the Temple was reconstructed by Herod, he included in it the Temple of Solomon, and built the present south-west angle of the Sanctuary; and that, as the new wall traversed portions of the rock-cut canal, connections were made by means of masonry passages. At this time, it is supposed, the ruins and refuse had already accumulated in the valley to a depth of twenty-three feet; and up to that height the wall was built with rough-faced stones, the portion above being made to resemble the older parts of the wall. A pavement was laid down on the rubbish, and additional channels for the supply of water were formed.

That, as years rolled on, the debris increased, and began to fill up the valley rapidly, until it reached its present height, which is *forty-five feet* above the lower pavement.

It may be necessary here to remind the reader that the Noble Sanctuary, as it is called, of Jerusalem, is a raised plateau, about 1500 feet long from north to south, and about 900 feet from east to west. It was anciently sustained by a massive wall, which, externally, rose from 50 to 80 feet above the present level of the ground.

Nearly in the centre of this plateau, rising some sixteen feet above it, is an irregular four-sided paved platform; and above the centre projects the celebrated Sacred Rock, over which is built the famous Dome of the Rock.

Now, within the present Noble Sanctuary it is universally admitted that the Temple of Herod once stood; but the long-vexed question is, and has been,—Where?

Dr. Robinson's belief is that its courts occupied the southern portion of the Sanctuary, on a square of about 925 feet; and to this conclusion Captain Warren has arrived. We proceed to give as briefly as we can his reasons:—

We must remind the reader that the Holy City is erected on a series of rocky spurs close to the watershed or "back-bone" of Palestine; and Captain Warren assumes it to be quite certain, from the nature of the surrounding country, that anciently the site of Jerusalem was a range of rocky slopes, whose ledges, here and there, were covered a few feet deep with red earth. If, then, we consider the debris which now forms the vast plateau of the Sanctuary removed, we see the Rock of Moriah as it was seen by the eyes of King David. The ridge runs from this rock, nearly in a straight line south-east by south, until it reaches the Triple Gate in the south wall of the city. From thence it falls away very steeply on the north-east and south-west, so that a point of rock near the north-east angle is no less than 162 feet below the Sacred Rock; a point of rock at the south-west is 150 feet below; and at the south-east angle another point is no less than 163. It seems improbable, then, that the Temple, a building so conspicuous, and forming so important a part in the defensive works of the city, should have been placed in any hollow, or along the sides of the hill, or anywhere except on its summit, which, moreover, was sufficiently level to afford a secure foundation.

Supposing the Temple, then, to have been built on the ridge, there are good reasons for believing that it stood close to the Sacred Rock; occupying a rectangle 900 feet from east to west, and 100 feet from north to south—its southern end being 300 feet north of the south wall of the Noble Sanctuary.

In the course of the excavations which have led to the above results, large quantities of glass, and especially of pottery, were found, containing some specimens of more than ordinary interest. These belong to the following eras:—1. Phoenician pottery; 2. Graeco-Phoenician—i.e., pottery made in Cyprus and elsewhere, where the Phoenician colonies had come under the influence of the Greek culture; 3. Pottery of Roman manufacture; 4. Christian pottery; and, 5. Arabic pottery.

Of the Phoenician pottery we may notice six vase handles, found at the south-eastern angle of the Temple enclosure, at a depth of 63 feet from the present surface. Each handle bears the impression of a more or less well-defined figure, somewhat like a bird in aspect, but believed to represent a winged sun or disc—the emblem of the sun-god, and possibly of royal power. From the Phoenician letters engraved on each handle, it seems that they were made for royal use; one for a king Zopha, and another for a king Shat.

Of the Graeco-Phoenician pottery, the principal remains are vases, dishes and lamps. The lamps are of red or brownish ware, with one, two, or three lips, and apparently adapted for the burning of fat rather than oil. Similar lamps have been found in the island of Cyprus. A dish of brown ware, ten inches in diameter, is noticeable for having its feet perforated like handles, apparently for the purpose of suspending the vessel when it was no longer in use.

The specimens of Roman pottery are not very numerous: three or four lamps of late date and indifferent design; a jar covered with circular horizontal flutings of a type common in Egypt, where it may probably have been manufactured; some earthenware water-pipes, from the so-called "Bath of Helena," east of Olivet; and fragments of a large amphora of pale-red ware, stamped with the name *Barnae*.

Of Christian pottery, the excavations laid open a large quantity of lamps, some of them distinguished by singular inscriptions, and all of an interesting local character. They are all of a rude and cheap description, clearly indicating the poverty of the members of the early Jerusalem Church; and their usual symbols are, the cross, the blessed sign of their salvation; the seven-branched candlestick, which reminded them not only of the dimmed glories of Zion, but of Him who is the light of the world; and the palm branch, which was dear to them not merely from its own exquisite grace and beauty, but by its association with Psalm xcii., with the gospel narrative, John xii. 13, and with the Apocalyptic Vision, wherein

the glorified saints are described as "clothed with white robes, and palm branches in their hands" (Rev. vii. 9). These emblems, which the Christians of the "Mother of Churches" used and rejoiced in, in common with their brethren in Western lands, are all more or less conventionalized in their treatment, and are represented in a distinctive and different manner, occurring in every instance, not, as is usual in the West, and even in Egypt, in the *centre*, but along the edge and near the outer lips of the lamps, which are pear-shaped, and in no instance round.

The remains of Arabic pottery are not important. The same may be said of the ancient glass which has been discovered, although the fragments derive much beauty from their iridescent colours.

We add to the preceding account some critical observations by a well-known authority, Professor Porter:—

THE TEMPLE.

One of the most interesting points, he observes, connected with the topography of Jerusalem is the site of the Temple; and this point is now, as it seems to me, definitely settled. That the Temple and its courts occupied some portion of the colossal platform which crowns Mount Moriah, there could be no reasonable doubt. But the platform, or *Haram*, as it is called, measures 1500 feet from north to south, by about 900 from east to west; while the Temple area, according to Jewish authorities, was square. The question, therefore, was, What part of the Haram did the Temple occupy? No fewer than five answers were given:—1. Some said the Temple occupied the whole Haram; and that the Tower of Antonia, described by Josephus, stood at the north-western angle, projecting into the court. 2. Mr. Williams, the accomplished author of "The Holy City," contended that the northern section of the Haram, forming a square of about 900 feet, constituted the Temple area; and that the whole of the southern section was built up by the Emperor Justinian, as a foundation for his celebrated Basilica. 3. Others supposed that the Temple only covered a square of about 600 feet in the centre of the Haram, nearly coincident with the present platform of the Great Mosque. 4. Mr. Fergusson's view was that Herod's Temple stood at the south-western angle of the Haram, occupying a square of 600 feet; and that the massive substructions at the south-eastern

angle were built by Justinian. 5. The last view, and that which, after a careful survey of the site, I was led to adopt so long ago as 1854, was that the Temple and its courts were conterminous with the southern section of the Haram. I have elsewhere stated my view as follows:—"Josephus and the Talmud describe the Temple area as a square, of which each side measured,—according to the former, a stadium, according to the latter, 500 cubits. The Greek stadium is about 204 yards, but the length of the Jewish cubit is uncertain, though it is generally thought to have been 21 inches. Josephus, therefore, makes each side of the area 612 feet; and the writers in the Talmud 873 feet. Is it not probable that both were mere approximates from memory? However this may be, there can be little doubt that the area, to the eye, presented the appearance of a square. Now the breadth of the Haram is 922 feet, and its length to the south side of the Golden Gate, where there is a break in the eastern wall, is 1000 feet. If we draw a line from the latter point straight across the Haram, we have a section on the south which, in all probability, corresponds to the Temple area."

I stated, besides, before the excavations were commenced, that the side and end walls of the Haram, so far as indicated above, would be found to rest on continuous ancient foundations; and that the foundations of the wall of Ophel would probably be discovered joining the south-eastern angle, as described by Josephus. We now learn from Captain Warren's reports that my expectations have been fully realized.

Captain Warren admits that on his arrival in Jerusalem he "considered the Temple of Herod to have been in a square of 600 feet at the south-west angle of the Haram." It was natural he should follow the high authority of Mr. Fergusson. He then goes on to say:—"With regard to the Temple of Herod, I agree more with Robinson and Porter, except that I do not think the Sacred Rock of the Moslems to have been either the site of the Altar or of the Sanctum Sanctorum, but rather of the gate Nitsots of the inner court opening into the northern gate *Tadi*."

"The change in my views, from supposing Herod's Temple to have been a square of 600 feet to that of 900, and thus occupying the whole southern portion of the present Sanctuary, arose entirely from the result of our excavations; for it appears to me that, if it were only 600 feet square, it would have had to be in three or four places at once. For example, its western wall must have been coincident with the present west wall; because of Robinson's arch

leading over to the upper city, which appears undoubtedly to be the bridge over which Titus parleyed with the Jews after he had taken the Temple. Its northern wall must have been near the northern edge of the Dome of the Rock platform, for here only is there a great valley, as described in the attack on the older Temple by Pompey. Its eastern wall must have coincided with the present east wall of the Sanctuary, so as to have overlooked the Kidron ravine, and because on that wall we find marks ascribed to times earlier than Herod; and if this enormous wall had only been the outer wall of the city, the Temple cloisters could not have overlooked the Kidron. Again, the southern side of the Temple must have coincided with the present wall of the Sanctuary, because we find the wall of Ophel coming in at the south-east angle, and we find the south wall to have been of one construction from the south-east angle to the Double Gate."

The reasoning is clear and conclusive; and it is with no little satisfaction I find it fully bearing out my own views, published twelve years ago.

The immense height and colossal proportions of the Temple wall, as described by Josephus, and indirectly referred to in Scripture (1 Kings v. 17, 18; vii. 10-12), have been remarkably confirmed. At the south-west angle, where the ravine of the Tyropoeon was spanned by the bridge which connected the Temple on Moriah with the Palace on Zion, the foundation of the ancient wall was discovered at the enormous depth of 80 feet below the present surface, while the wall rises 50 feet above it, so that the angle must have been originally more than 130 feet in height. This was the magnificent work, apparently, which so much astonished the Queen of Sheba. At the south-east angle, which overhangs the Kidron valley, and which was called the "Pinnacle of the Temple" (Matt. iv. 5), the altitude was still greater, being not less than 150 feet; and the old bed of the Kidron, to which the rocky side of Moriah slopes steeply down, was discovered 100 feet below.

Another important discovery was made by Captain Warren. Shafts were sunk in several places to the foundations of the walls, where the colossal masonry was found to be of the ancient Jewish type; and on many of the stones were Phœnician characters—some cut, others painted in vermillion; evidently the quarry marks made by the stone-cutters, to indicate the position each block was intended to occupy in the building. This proves the high antiquity of the wall; and it affords a remarkable illustration of Scripture history.

We read of the building of the first Temple :—" And the ~~king~~ ^{king} commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers [Hebrew, *Giblites*, inhabitants of Gebal in Phœnicia]: so they prepared timber and stones to build the house" (1 Kings v. 17, 18). We are also told by Ezra that the skilled workmen of Tyre and Sidon assisted at the building of the second Temple (Ezra iii. 7).

Many years ago Dr. Robinson discovered the spring-stones of an arch in the massive western wall of the Haram, near the southern angle. He conjectured that this was a fragment of the bridge which connected the Temple court with the royal Palace on Zion. Some have questioned the truth of this opinion; but the excavations of Captain Warren have set the matter at rest for ever. The piers and fallen arches of the bridge have been discovered deep down beneath the accumulated rubbish in the bottom of the Tyropœon valley. Excavations in the same valley, further north, laid bare the two ancient gates which, according to Josephus, opened from the Temple court upon the *suburb* of the city.

THE ANCIENT WALLS.

Towards the settlement of another vexed question of Jerusalem topography very little progress has been made, and to it, in my opinion, sufficient attention has not been given by the explorers. I refer to the course of the ancient walls. These were three in number. The first enclosed Zion; the second defended Akra; and the third surrounded the large new suburb of Bezetha. Excavations could be made without much trouble at almost any point along their supposed or probable courses; and as the authenticity of the site of the Holy Sepulchre depends on the position of the second wall, efforts to discover it would arrest the attention of Christendom. For so far the researches which have been made tend to show that the site of the Church of the Sepulchre is within the line of the second wall, and therefore that the Sepulchre itself cannot be authentic.



